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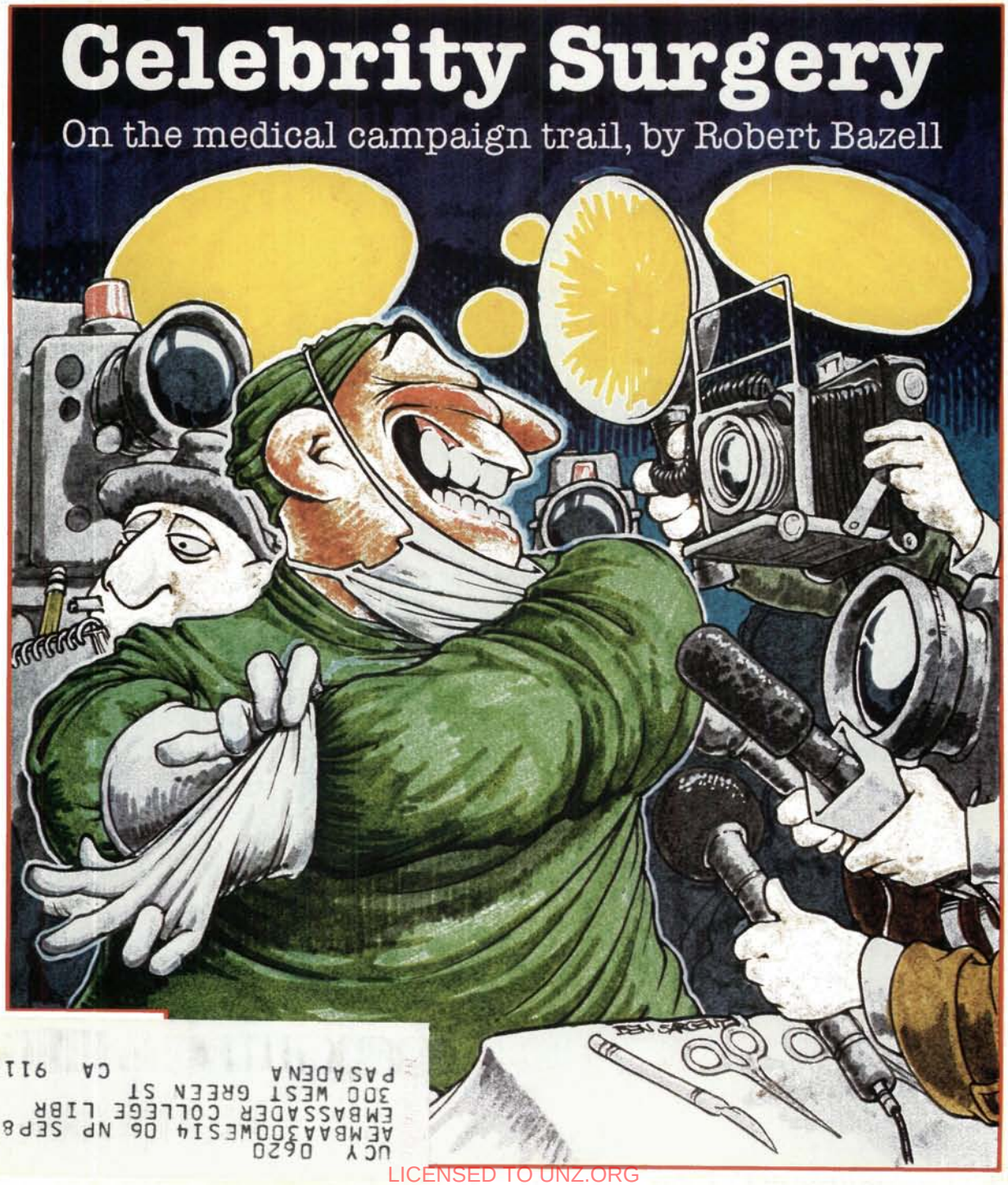
THE NEW REPUBLIC

FEB 5 1985

Celebrity Surgery

On the medical campaign trail, by Robert Bazell



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CORRESPONDENCE

RADIO LIBERTY'S REPLY

To the editors:

Your editorial about Radio Liberty ("Taking Radio Liberties," TNR, February 11) is flagrantly inaccurate, misleading, and irresponsible. "Anti-Semitic" and "antidemocratic" are not charges to be made lightly.

You claim Radio Liberty announcers made anti-Semitic characterizations in an August 19 broadcast. In fact, these characterizations were describing passages from Solzhenitsyn's *August 1914* to determine whether they were anti-Semitic. (The scriptwriter's conclusion is that they were not.)

You claim our announcers quoted a passage from the Protocols of the Elders of Zion. You neglected to mention that the announcers describe the Protocols in the broadcast as a "vile anti-Semitic forgery."

You describe George Bailey, the director of Radio Liberty, as an "émigré." Mr. Bailey is an American. He is the former Executive Editor of Max Ascoli's distinguished publication, *The Reporter*.

You claim Bailey got rid of American superiors who monitored Radio Liberty broadcast editors. But Bailey has not initiated any changes in the monitoring of the Russian Service of R.L.—and that is where the program was aired.

You claim Bailey installed broadcasters who are "Russian nationalists," a movement which, you simplistically maintain, contains a strong element of anti-Semitism. But many of Bailey's key appointments have been Jews. These include the director of the Russian News Service, Edward Kuznetsov, a Russian Jewish dissident hero, recruited directly from Israel.

You claim "Reaganites" run Radio Liberty. The board of Radio Liberty is bipartisan by statute and includes such distinguished Americans as Lane Kirkland and James Michener, surely not Reaganites.

Perhaps worse is what you did not say in your article. How can an article about an anti-Semitic broadcast neglect to mention that the scriptwriter is Jewish?

How can an article about anti-Semitic and antidemocratic programming neglect the fact that Jewish-oriented broadcasting constitutes a sizable block of our programming and that Radio Liberty's Russian Service has introduced a weekly program extolling democratic virtues, entitled "Democracy in Action"?

How can such an article neglect to point out that, under our management, stringent controls have been put into effect to prevent any possible anti-Semitic statement?

And about "Russian nationalism": more disturbing than the wrong facts and the neglected facts is the attitude inherent in your editorial. Since when is THE NEW REPUBLIC—of all publications—in favor of censorship? One may agree or disagree with Solzhenitsyn's ideas about democracy, but a free journalistic enterprise cannot ignore them.

Our job is to run a free, pluralistic radio station, broadcasting to people who are denied access to a variety of views about their own history and circumstance. Our board intends to honor that mandate by airing a spectrum of responsible views, some of which at times we are, singly or collectively, not necessarily in agreement with. That's what good democratic journalism is all about.

We produce 5,000 hours of original programming each year in 15 languages for the Soviet Union. We believe that we check our broadcasts more carefully than any other station in the world.

Some of our programs, alas, are not as clear, as accurate, as interesting, as wise, as moderate, as we would like. Some can be misinterpreted or misconstrued. The program in question may indeed have been one such.

But then again, THE NEW REPUBLIC publishes almost 1,000 articles a year, and your editorial has given us a pretty good example of just how bad—very bad—well-intentioned journalism can sometimes get. It could never have passed muster on Radio Liberty.

FRANK SHAKESPEARE
BEN WATTENBERG
Radio Free Europe/Radio Liberty
Washington, D.C.

The editors reply:

Our "irresponsible" view of the broadcast in question is not very different from that of RFE-RL's president, James Buckley. In a memo to George Bailey on August 30, 1984 (eleven days after the broadcast), he told Bailey he was "appalled" that "despite meetings we had . . . in which we underscored in every possible way the need to pay attention to sensibilities where the subject of Jews and Judaism were [sic] concerned, we find ourselves (again) over a weekend and with many people on vacation, with a script loaded with all the wrong words." Buckley added that it was "depressingly clear that there appears to be a certain Russian mindset that makes it impossible for too many of our editors (including a number of the Jews) to be aware that a given script might even conceivably bruise anyone's sensitivity."

We didn't say that Radio Liberty was anti-Semitic or antidemocratic. All we said was that there had been anti-Semitic and antidemocratic broadcasts. Why would the current management have added "stringent controls" if it didn't think there was a problem? As for "censorship," of course we're for censorship if that means restricting the views expressed on a taxpayer-supported propaganda arm of American foreign policy. So are Messrs. Wattenberg and Shakespeare—after all, Radio Liberty doesn't broadcast pro-Communist views. It shouldn't broadcast anti-Semitic statements either.

We apologize for misidentifying George Bailey.

YUP IN ARMS

To the editors:

We trend-writing aces come under so much justifiable criticism for our tendency to substitute loose impressions and clever writing for solid reporting, that it was somewhat disheartening to produce a 4,000-word cover story, backed by numerous sidebars, full of dozens of authentic quotes, and *still* have to defend ourselves from nitwits like Alex Heard who charge that we made the whole thing up ("Yuppie Love," TNR, January 28).

In fact, we felt on especially firm ground in the case of our "Year of the Yuppie" cover because one of the things that inspired it was a TRB column ("Arise, Ye Yuppies," July 9, 1984) which said, "there's no denying that the Yuppie phenomenon exists . . . it describes a set of trends affecting a significant chunk of the middle class. . . ." TRB's only evidence came from two weeks he spent in Anchorage, Alaska,

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Are the Churches Getting "TOO RADICAL"?

There is a new ferment in the churches today. Recently, 200 top military leaders got together at the National War College, and a high-ranking general stated that, "The greatest challenge to all that we do now comes from within the churches."

The focal point of that challenge seems to be the U.S. Roman Catholic bishops' pastoral letter on war and peace. Of course, mainline Protestant churches have issued similar, if less conspicuous, critiques of nuclear weapons and the arms build-up. Significantly, at a time when the country is said to be awash with superpatriotic fervor, Christians are taking their gospel mandate to be peacemakers seriously, and in a way that cannot be dismissed as trendiness.

Also, at a time when wars on poverty are definitely out of vogue, the churches are bucking the spirit of the times and increasingly heeding the words of Christ, that what we have failed to do for the "least of these" we have failed to do for Him. Indeed, the Catholic bishops' pastoral on the economy explicitly embraces the "preferential option for the poor."

Jerry Falwell has attacked that pastoral for coming close to "socialism." If "socialism" is about extending democracy to the economy, he may be right, but the bishops are to be applauded, not excoriated.

The bishops have shocked conventional opinion by calling for "economic democracy," including co-operative ownership of enterprises by workers. But such ideas, however daring in the U.S. context, are as old as the papal encyclicals. It is not surprising, then, that we hear polemicists for privilege decry the Catholic "anti-capitalist" tradition. Nor is it surprising that when Pope John Paul II went to Canada and said that "the needs of the poor must take priority over the desires of the rich, and the rights of workers over the maximization of profits," *Business Week* would quote a Vatican-watcher as saying, "You might call" the pope "a social democrat."

Apologists for the corporate elite and the military have reason to be leery of the churches. But no, we at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW do *not* believe the churches are too radical, so long as that radicalism is rooted in the gospel and not secular ideologies. If the churches are faithful to their Lord, the Bible, and their own traditions, they cannot help but succor the poor, champion the rights of the less advantaged, and try to quiet the gale winds of war. They are compelled to say a decisive "NO!" to the idols of greed, consumerism, and national-interest-above-all.

And more: the NEW OXFORD REVIEW is one of those few voices which does not believe that Christian social concern goes hand-in-hand with doctrinal skepticism and moral relativism. As our columnist John C. Cort (the veteran labor activist) said, if we Christians are truly to sacrifice ourselves on behalf of others, we need "more faith, and less doubt." And our writers — people like J.M. Cameron, Juli Loesch, Richard V. Pierard, and Robert E. Webber — work out of this vision.

The NEW OXFORD REVIEW is an ecumenically Christian monthly magazine edited by lay Catholics. We discuss not only justice and peace but the full range of theological and ethical issues confronting contemporary Christians. Other periodicals have characterized us as "feisty and gutsy," "influential," even "cheeky." Why not find out what these encomia are about and subscribe today!

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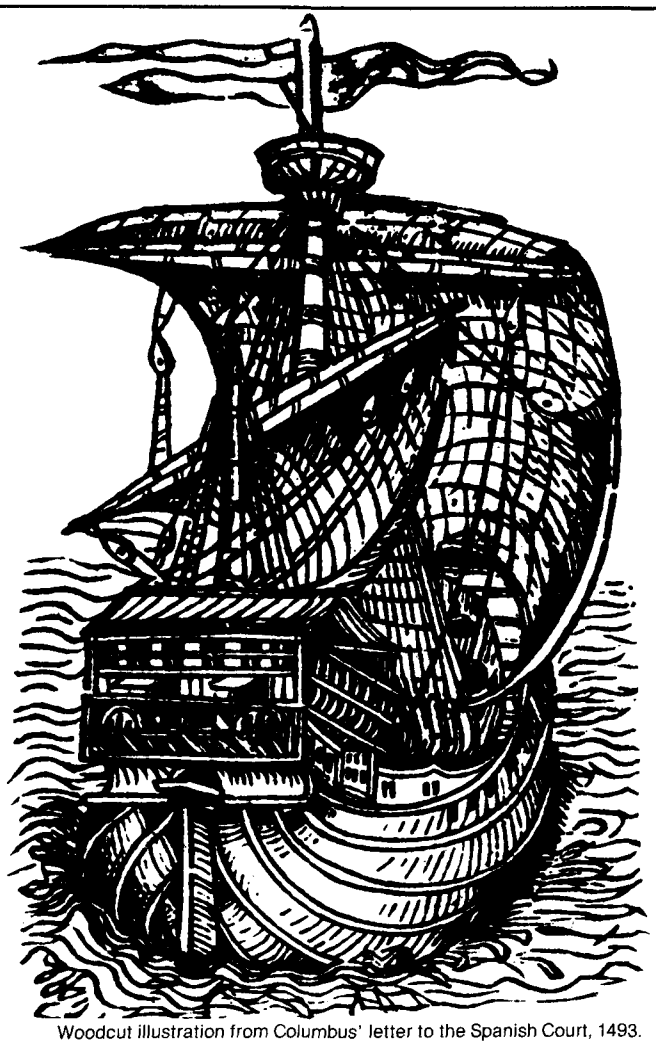

Woodcut illustration from Columbus' letter to the Spanish Court, 1493.

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FROM WASHINGTON

Our Revels Now Are Ended

The weekend of January 19-21 saw the biggest display ever of what might be called the official American Lucullan style. The elements are: an ingathering of corporate jets, limousine traffic jams, the running up of huge bills in fancy hotels and restaurants, and lavish parties at unusual locales (a museum, a specially erected tent, a department store), all to mark some ostensibly national occasion. What made that weekend in January so special was that the rites were occurring simultaneously on both coasts.

Roone Arledge of ABC reportedly chartered a jet for $259,000 to fly various corporate executives and friends to the Super Bowl near San Francisco, where 4,000 people arrived at the game by limousine. Twenty-two firms staged parties in tents adjacent to the Stanford Stadium, with "parrot tulips [whatever they are] flown in from France" at one and "42 different foodstuffs" at another, according to news reports. Ford's party is said to have cost one million dollars, but Nissan's cost $2.5 million. Three thousand people came to the official NFL reception at San Francisco's Moscone Convention Center, which was "transformed into a model stadium, complete with real grass turf." One guest said, "This is the party to end all parties in any field in the country, with the possible exception of the inauguration."

Which, as it happens, was being celebrated at that very moment in Washington. Serious corporate revelers flew overnight to hit the highlights in both cities. "Parties! Parties! Parties!" observed *The Washington Post*, which devoted hundreds of column inches to describing affairs by Pepsico, Gannett, *Time*, Roy Cohn's law firm, and a consortium of agribusinesses, among others. Ridgewell's, Washington's leading caterer, had its biggest day ever January 21. It served 15,000 people at 26 major functions. Almost all were corporate affairs. "The whole corporate move toward . . . entertaining clients and guests has really gained hold in the Reagan administration," said the Ridgewell's man. "Corporate entertaining is focusing on what can be accomplished by having a good time."

You might wonder whether America's top executives don't have anything better to do with their time than to spend half of it jetting around the country throwing and attending parties. One explanation might be that they're not paying for any of it. The stockholders pay in the first instance. And since it's all tax-deductible as a "business expense," the taxpayers end up footing about half the bill. If I take you to the Super Bowl and deduct it, I'm out about the same amount as if I went by myself. If you then take me to the Masters golf tournament, we're even. Three thousand people and 42 different foodstuffs in a tent is an expanded version of this basic transaction.

Most of the conspicuous high living in America is paid for with tax-free dollars. Any top-flight restauranteur or hotelier will tell you that. And the more high living you can afford anyway, the more opportunity you have to deduct it. Rich people can arrange for huge chunks of their lives to be tax-deductible: travel, theater, restaurants, even cars and yachts. Most white-collar middle-class people get at least a taste of the tax-free high life. My own experience of fancy restaurants, for example, has been almost entirely on "business." By contrast blue-collar working people pay their taxes, then have their fun with what's left.

The present rules about deducting travel and entertainment expenses are unenforceably vague. In theory, there must be a "business discussion" in connection with every expense. In practice, almost anything goes. The effect of allowing generous deductions for fun 'n' games is that American business spends more on fun 'n' games, and less on business as you and I understand the term. By contrast, the rules about deducting work clothing are ruthless. No deduction if the clothes have any nonwork value. But then the people who must wear uniforms to work don't have much clout.

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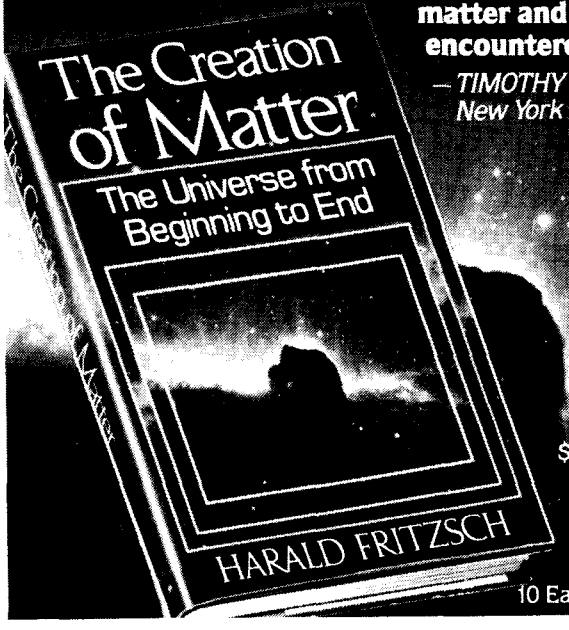

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
FEBRUARY 18, 1985

AMERICA BECOMES LESS EQUAL

President Reagan's notion of an "opportunity society" rests on the assumption that economic growth helps everyone, that everyone can get their slice of a larger pie. According to an important new study by Joseph A. Pechman of the Brookings Institution, this assumption seems to be wrong. In the first reliable analysis of American family income in recent years, Pechman reports that the distribution of income has not changed at all in the last 20 years. Indeed, Pechman concludes that if the much-maligned social programs of the 1960s had not been in place, income distribution would have become far more unequal during the past two decades. In addition, he demonstrates that the progressive tax system—far from punishing the industrious rich ever more harshly in order to pamper the slothful poor, as recent mythology claims—has virtually stopped being progressive at all.

It's no surprise that government spending has succeeded in redistributing money to the poor. The poorest third of the nation now receives more money from the federal government in transfer payments than it pays the government in taxes, and the poorest tenth gets back as much as three times its tax bill, according to Pechman. Most of this largesse is the result of Great Society programs such as Medicaid and Medicare, food stamps and AFDC.

Pechman's surprising conclusion is that this progressive redistribution of income has been more than swallowed up by regressive changes in the market economy. In 1966, the poorest fifth of American families had four percent of total American family income before tax, and the richest fifth had around 47 percent. Two decades later, the figures are almost exactly the same. In other words, all the programs of the Great Society, all the welfare, food stamps, increased Social Security, and the like have simply kept things in place. If the programs had not existed, the gap between rich and poor would have increased enormously.

In theory, the progressive tax system reduces such gaps. In fact, it does not. The pattern of income distribution after taxes, both in 1966 and 1985, barely differs from the distribution before taxes. Worse, according to Pechman, the tax system has virtually stopped being progressive over the past 20 years, despite the nominal highest-bracket rate of 70 percent before 1981 and 50 percent thereafter. In 1966, the poorest tenth of the population paid federal, state, and local taxes at an effective rate of 17 percent, and the wealthiest tenth paid at a rate of 30 percent. In 1980, by contrast, the poor paid at an effective rate of 21 percent and the rich at just 27 percent. If you then make some reasonable assumptions about who actually ends up paying corporate and property taxes, it turns out that our tax system is actually regressive! The poorest tenth pay an average tax rate of 29 percent, while the wealthiest tenth pay 25 percent.

When Lyndon Johnson launched the "war on poverty" 21 years ago, he proclaimed, "We have the power to strike away the barriers to full participation in our society. Having the power, we have the duty." It is a treasured American belief that as the country becomes more prosperous, it becomes more equal as well. This belief is especially treasured by people who would like to think that it makes government social programs unnecessary.

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Economic growth is nothing to sneer at. In fact, it's vital. But it doesn't automatically make distributional questions fade away, as the Pechman study makes clear. Even—especially—as we become more prosperous, progressive taxation and social generosity remain essential if we are to be the kind of society we like to think we are.

TWO CHEERS

When a president makes important appointments, it is the natural tendency of the opposition party to oppose them, and it is the natural tendency of the party in power to accuse the opposition of trying to repeal the results of the election. That's what Republicans are saying about Democratic opposition to the nomination of Edwin Meese as attorney general. In the case of Meese, the opposition is legitimate. His inadequacies go beyond partisan disagreement. But sometimes there are nominees whose superior qualities go beyond partisan disagreement, too. In such cases, it behooves the opposition to endorse the nominees as enthusiastically as they condemn the inadequate ones, if for no other reason than to establish their bona fides for the next confirmation battle.

President Reagan has begun his second term by offering two such excellent opportunities. By a charming coincidence, both nominees are friends of mine.

One of Reagan's nominees might even have been put forward for the same post by Fritz Mondale, if he had won the election. Indeed, one of the promises made by the Mondale campaign was that Max Kampelman would certainly have a high foreign policy post in a Democratic administration. It was even bruited about that Kampelman was Mondale's first choice for secretary of state. I have known Kampelman quite well for perhaps a dozen years. We have sat on working boards and committees together, bodies dealing with vexing issues about which Kampelman and I felt strongly, though not always in agreement. He is a man of principle and deep conviction, but he knows very well that one of the cardinal principles of civilized life is compromise. We now have as our chief arms control negotiator with the Russians someone whose mind is at once flexible and substantial. Politically rooted in the radical pacifist tradition and the Minnesota Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party that produced Hubert Humphrey and Eugene McCarthy, Kampelman demonstrated his imagination and endurance in the Madrid talks on European security. He is also a scholar. His book, *The Communist Party vs. the CIO*, published in 1957, remains a standard source.

Kampelman, in short, is open to argument. But he is not a "wet." We don't need wets at disarmament talks. We need tough-minded people who are inventive enough to envision and create the possibilities of genuine agreement even among antagonists, and to make those agreements compelling at home. In Max Kampelman we have just such an individual.

WILLIAM J. BENNETT would not have been appointed secretary of education under Mondale, but it is hardly clear that a Mondale appointee would have been preferable. For four years Bennett has been head of the National Endowment for the Humanities, an intrinsically controversial office because it distributes funds in the financially strapped scholarly and intellectual communities. One would be hard-put, however, to determine precisely just how much this relatively new federal money, which dates back only to 1965, has enhanced the life of the mind in America. Still, the NEH has financed many interesting projects over the years. During Bennett's chairmanship, the Endowment has financed some especially interesting research on improving the quality of teaching in high schools and mass-education colleges and universities.

I know firsthand about Bill Bennett's commitment to excellence in teaching. For some years this then-quite-young philosopher and lawyer taught in a social sciences program I administered at Harvard. He has the teacher's gift and the scholar's temperament. Moreover, the meticulous attention he paid to absolutely first-rate students was matched by the meticulous attention he paid to students of lesser talents. One way, though, to judge a teacher is whether he or she draws the best students. Bennett did.

Bennett also has an allergy to cant. As a result, he has disappointed many aspirants for federal support whose ideas quite justifiably wouldn't get a cent from anywhere else. His administration of the Humanities Endowment's funds has been wise. The influence of his report, *To Reclaim A Legacy*, about the role of the humanities in higher education, will be a continuing tribute to his time at the Endowment, even as he moves on to greater challenges.

M.P.

NOTEBOOK

□ DAY 346 for American hostages held by fanatical Shiite Muslims—this time it's in Lebanon, where the Islamic Jihad, which has already massacred more than 300 Americans, is holding five more captive. As usual, the five are accused of being CIA agents, and Islamic Jihad has announced that they will be tried, found guilty, and given "the punishment they deserve." But this time Dan Rather isn't ticking off the days the way Walter Cronkite did over our hostages in Iran, yellow ribbons aren't being wrapped around trees, and the Reagan administration isn't holding daily briefings. This lack of official attention has miffed Jimmy Carter (who first exploited and then deplored excessive hostage coverage five years ago). The former presi-

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dent claims that Reagan's policy is "to ignore any American hostages that have been taken and to conceal the fact that they are being held." Carter has a point. The fickle and easily bored press, which went wild with hostage fever five years ago, is tired of Shiites and has virtually ignored the story this time around. Lucky Reagan has been the beneficiary. But Reagan also learned from Carter's experience that empty thundering merely raises the stakes. Keeping quiet is politically expedient, sure, but it is also the best strategy for ultimately getting the hostages released safely. It is the best strategy, that is, if it is accompanied by vigorous action behind the scenes.

□ AMERICA'S MAJOR CHARITIES—led by the United Way—have launched a nationwide lobbying campaign against the Treasury Department's proposed tax reform, according to *The New York Times*. That reform would limit the charitable deduction to contributions in excess of two percent of income. It also would eliminate a preposterous loophole allowing a deduction for the full market value of property that has increased in value since it was purchased, even though the profit needn't be declared as income. At TNR, we think that fundamental tax reform—with deductions and loopholes traded in for lower tax rates overall—would be a tremendous boon to this country. And we fear that once exceptions start being made, however tempting, the whole process will unravel. If you agree, you might want to inquire, before sending in your next check to a charity, whether any of your money is going to be spent lobbying against the Treasury tax bill.

□ THE HERO of the libel case of *Sharon* v. *Time* is not *Time* magazine and not General Sharon, but Judge Abraham D. Sofaer of the U.S. District Court in New York. Judge Sofaer led the jury through a morass of fact, a cloud of emotion, and a maze of legal doctrine to what appears to be precisely the right conclusion. His innovation was to require the jury to rule independently on whether *Time*'s story about Sharon was false (conclusion: yes), whether it was defamatory (conclusion: yes), and whether it exceeded the special protections guaranteed in libel cases by the First Amendment (conclusion: no). This is one jury that understood as well that when the law, with characteristic obfuscation, says "actual malice," it doesn't actually mean malice at all. It means reckless disregard for the truth. *Time*'s story—that Sharon had discussed revenge with Phalangist leaders before the Sabra and Shatila massacres—was malicious in the conventional sense, but the jury held that it was not "actual malice" in the legal sense. The jury added, however, in an unusual statement, that *Time* had been negligent and careless—a conclusion the facts certainly support. *Time* accepted this rather qualified victory with little grace. "The libel suit is over, and *Time* has won it," an official statement crowed. *Time* went on to insist that the article about Sharon was "substantially true," even though there is still no evidence to support its most spectacular assertion. The First Amendment offers protection for careless behavior. It does not offer vindication. We wish *Time* would accept this valuable safeguard of free speech with a bit more becoming humility.

□ THE LAWYERS FOR EDWIN MEESE, led by prominent Republican Leonard Garment, have sent in a bill for $721,000. That, they say, is the cost of defending him in the independent counsel's investigation of various charges that came to light in connection with his nomination for attorney general. By law, an official can collect his attorney's fees from the government if the investigation doesn't result in prosecution. It's a fair law, but this is a ridiculous sum. As Republicans like to point out, even well-meaning government programs designed to help deserving beneficiaries often turn into boondoggles for the undeserving. Seven hundred thousand dollars is ten times Hamilton Jordan's legal bill, which is what triggered this law. It also is more than twice Meese's net worth. There is no way Garment and his associates could actually collect this amount from Meese, and it's doubtful they ever would try. Only for a "deep pocket" client like the government do you put in a bill like this. Garment says his bill includes time spent dealing with the press. We wonder, for example, whether Garment is hoping to collect $250 an hour from the taxpayers for the time he spent composing a letter to TNR, complaining of an article about Meese. If so, that makes him far-and-away our best-paid contributor.

□ FIGHT OR SWITCH: The Virginia State Supreme Court ruled last month that a homosexual man must relinquish custody of his ten-year-old daughter, who had lived with him for the past six years. More noteworthy than the decision's severity (the child may not even visit her father at home unless his gay lover moves out) was its implied standard of comparison: the court assigned sole custody to the mother on the grounds that the father's gay life-style "renders him an unfit and improper custodian" and "imposes an intolerable burden" on his daughter. But the judges seemed less troubled by the concern raised in the lower court decision it overturned: that "the mother's battle with cancer left the daughter with an obsession about death"—perhaps understandably, since "even though the mother had a lung removed because of cancer, she continued to smoke a pack and a half of cigarettes a day."

□ WHO'S THE ODD MAN OUT in this group? (a.) John Adams; (b.) Alexander Hamilton; (c.) John Jay; (d.) Roger W. Jepsen. You got it. President Reagan has started his second term with a couple of good appointments (see above) and one real lemon. He has named defeated Republican senator Roger W. Jepsen as executive director of the commission on the bicentennial of the Constitution. Before the people of Iowa demonstrated their good sense by throwing him out of office in the last election, Jepsen in his one term earned a reputation as the Senate's chief yahoo. He's also had some bizarre encounters with the U.S. Constitution. In 1983, he was stopped while driving to work alone in a Virginia freeway lane that's reserved for car pools. He claimed congressional immunity. "It's perfectly legal," he

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explained. "I drive my American-made car to work as provided in the Constitution." And he continued to use the carpool lane. Jepsen also got into trouble playing footsie with the separation of powers. Last year it was discovered that he had assigned a Marine colonel to his staff to help Iowans land more defense contracts. The colonel was recruited through Jepsen's contacts in the Navy, paid by the Pentagon, and reported directly to the senator. The man doesn't know the Constitution from bingo.

□ THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: " 'Of course you realize . . . that whoever wins this war, we shall emerge a second-rate nation' . . . 'You know, there's only one remedy for all diseases—I mean Death.' These remarks were addressed, not during World War II by one adult to another, but in 1915 to Cyril Connolly by his 12-year-old friend George Orwell, who died last month of tuberculosis. Orwell's passing has deprived the world of a man whom critics still unborn may well describe as the most important English writer to have lived his whole life during the first half of the twentieth century. Today, without fear of contradiction, we can say that England never produced a novelist more honest, more courageous, more concerned with the common man—and with common sense. Whether in fiction, autobiography, satire, pamphlets or criticism, Orwell never looked back with regret; he wrote constantly of the most urgent contemporary problems, always with the warning voice of the prophet. To literature, to the young and confused, his loss is incalculable." ("Homage to Orwell," by James Stern, February 20, 1950.)

Why pro-lifers can't swallow birth control.

BITTER PILL

IT'S BEEN HARDER lately to dismiss the right-to-lifers as crackpots. Their positions and rhetoric haven't changed, but they are beginning to creep toward political legitimacy. President Reagan helped them out by addressing their March for Life rally outside the Supreme Court on January 22. They have also made some progress by sheer persistence, and some by the presence of fringe elements in their movement. (The mere existence of abortion clinic bombers lends a certain respectability to those who only seek to add a Paramount Human Life Amendment to the Constitution.) But by far the most effective tactic of the right-to-lifers has been their insistence on framing the abortion question in lurid absolutes: either you oppose all abortion or you condone murder.

The mere act of abortion is so horrible, the argument goes, that even to talk about weighing one set of rights against another—let alone bringing in factors such as poverty or quality of life—is obscene. Accordingly, speakers for the movement cite as frequently as possible "the 1.5 million innocent babies murdered per year," and use grisly images such as those in the film *The Silent Scream*, which shows a formed fetus struggling to escape an abortionist's suction tube. After seeing the film, Reagan declared that its images made all other considerations irrelevant: "It's been said that if every member of Congress could see that film, they would move quickly to end the tragedy of abortion." Reagan and other conservatives have a very different reaction when the left tries to mobilize public opinion on the nuclear freeze with graphic depictions of the horrors of nuclear war. The truth is that in both such cases, the appeal to gut emotion muddies the issue, rather than clarifying it.

The problem of abortion as it is usually framed—as a conflict between a woman's freedom of choice and a fetus's life—may indeed be a matter of irreconcilably opposed values. Not so with the wider problem of unwanted pregnancy, which the Reagan administration is doing its best to ignore. Serious attention to factors such as birth control and better sex education cannot make the abortion dilemma disappear, but they can greatly reduce its scale. For a government that says it wants to halt "the murder of 1.5 million innocent babies per year," the Reagan administration's record on birth control is disgraceful.

CLEARLY it's not just abortion the administration finds reprehensible, but birth control as well. And its most effective partner in its campaign against contraception has been the Moral Majority. In 1981 Reagan and a handful of Moral Majoritarians attempted several times to curtail federally funded family planning services. In July, after one such effort, Reagan sent a personal note to fundamentalist Senator Orrin Hatch of Utah, expressing "regret that we do not have the votes to defeat the family planning program. . . . Perhaps we can remedy some of the problems in the family planning program administratively." This remedy developed into the most widely publicized of the administration's anti-birth control efforts, the crusade to institute what became known as the "squeal rule." The rule would have required federally funded family planning clinics to notify the parents of minors who had requested contraceptives. Hatch and Senator Jeremiah Denton of Alabama became the two main proponents of the measure.

Randall Raider, a lawyer who handles pro-life issues for Hatch, says now that the "squeal rule" was never intended to deter teenagers from seeking birth control. But the effect would have been just that. According to Planned Parenthood figures, 25 percent of all teenagers who come to family planning clinics said they would not come if their parents knew about it; only two percent said they would be likely to stop having sex. And, as Planned Parenthood pointed out, 1.1 million teenagers became pregnant in 1980, three-quarters of them unintentionally.

After two years of legal and procedural wrangling, including vocal opposition from the public, the "squeal rule" was finally defeated. But the Reagan administra-

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tion's philosophical opposition to contraception re-emerged last summer at a meeting of the International Conference on Population in Mexico City. The administration unveiled a policy ostensibly opposing abortion but in effect cutting deeply into the whole idea of offering family planning programs to developing countries. The Agency for International Development had already been prohibited from funding abortion-related services. The new rule held that the United States could not donate funds for any services to agencies that devoted any part of their own budgets to abortion-related services. Although the International Planned Parenthood Foundation, which sponsors family planning services in 119 countries, had adhered scrupulously to the previous regulation—which in turn affected only ten of its 119 member countries—it lost $17 million in funding for the year. As Planned Parenthood noted at the time, "The AID action . . . seeks to exploit the abortion issue to cover up a massive defunding of contraceptive services around the world."

MUCH OF THE pro-life opposition to birth control is more forthright. Radical pro-life activist Joseph Scheidler, head of the Chicago-based Pro-Life Action League, is particularly emphatic. "I think contraception is disgusting," he says, "just mutual masturbation, people using each other for pleasure." One of the most enthusiastic promoters of *The Silent Scream* film, Scheidler admits that behind the cruelty-to-the-fetus pitch is a more basic, and specific, set of values: "Most people in the pro-life movement have a certain morality and believe sex is not for fun and games. So we wouldn't condone contraception." Scheidler is also opposed to sex education in the schools: "There are some things kids should know, but we would disapprove of giving them paraphernalia and pills and things so they can have a freely active sex life. People aren't dogs."

At Birthright, a Washington, D.C.-based pro-life counseling service staffed by volunteers, the issue of birth control is simply sidestepped. Mary Baker, who works on the hotline, says the group's services include pregnancy testing for young girls, comprehensive medical care and referrals, and miscellaneous support services such as inexpensive maternity clothes. On the numerous occasions when young girls come in for a pregnancy test which turns out to be negative, she adds, the volunteers will try to counsel for the future. What do they say? "That it's against their own good to be, you know, to be having sex," Baker says. "I think really, after all, it's dumb for a girl to do it." Do they discuss protection? "Oh, no. We don't give out information about birth control. It's in our charter not to tell them things like that."

This refusal to link abortion with its cause reveals the underlying agenda of much pro-life rhetoric. The prolifers want to legislate morality—a particular morality that crosses the church-state line. To do that, they have to frame the debate in absolute terms. By simply condemning the proponents of "reproductive freedom" as unreflective murderers, they successfully suppress the incon-

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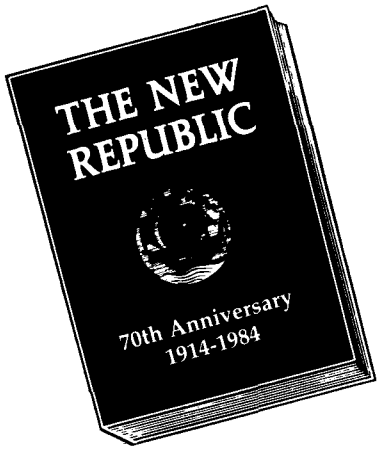

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venient fact that birth control exists at all. The pro-choice position offends them partly because they have correctly translated "reproductive freedom" not just as freedom to abort, but, more fundamentally, as sexual freedom. And it is to combat sexual freedom that so many fundamentalist right-to-lifers dismiss the question of birth control as an unrelated issue, or even as a "diversionary tactic," as Nellie Gray, president of the March for Life rally, did on "Nightline" recently when Ted Koppel pressed her for a compromise position.

There *is* a compromise position on which honest advocates and honest opponents of abortion ought to agree. It lies in greater—not reduced—federal efforts toward family planning and sex education, in general public health initiatives that will give more women the ability to control their reproductive lives—before pregnancy. The federal government need not pay the whole bill. One quick way to promote birth control would be to allow companies that manufacture contraceptives to advertise on national TV, as the networks have long blocked them from doing. Pragmatic preventive measures will not put a stop to abortion, but they can help. Nobody wants fetuses killed.

AMY E. SCHWARTZ

Soviet anti-Semitism grows uglier.

THE JEWS LEFT BEHIND

"WE CALL on you, who spend your efforts on the paperwork of endless conferences, runs, and picnics in defense of Soviet Jewry," says a recent letter signed by 38 Soviet Jews and addressed to the Jews of the West, "you who are still full of illusions and see solidarity in philanthropy expressed in gifts of blue jeans, to show your solidarity by your deeds. . . . The time has come to sound the alarm." The tone is desperate, and a touch ungrateful. But the letter expresses the two most important facts about Soviet Jews today. First, their situation is growing steadily worse. Official anti-Semitism has increased to the point where Soviet newspapers and television regularly malign Jews in terms reminiscent of the worst of the Czarist persecutions. Jewish activists in particular face increasingly violent harassment. Opportunities for Jews to advance in Soviet society have been radically circumscribed, and Jewish emigration no longer exists. And second, the traditional response of the American Jewish community and the U.S. government—to press the Soviet government on the emigration issue—is no longer enough.

It is understandable that the American support groups for Soviet Jewry have made emigration the single most important issue on their agenda. The figures are stark. Although approximately 10 percent of the Soviet Union's Jewish population—nearly 260,000 people—left the country between 1968 and 1981, with a high point of 51,320 in 1979, only 896 managed to get out last year. There are over 380,000 others who have indicated their desire to leave by initiating the complicated process of applying for a visa. Moreover, as soon as a Jew in the Soviet Union attempts to speak out on behalf of other Jews, he becomes a pariah, losing his job and inviting police harassment. Emigration then becomes his major concern, and, as Mark Epstein, executive director of the Washington-based Union of Councils for Soviet Jewry, explains: "We try to take our lead and direction from Soviet Jews. . . . [W]e try to act upon the wishes they express." The State Department, in turn, frequently takes its lead from groups like Epstein's. Thus Soviet Jews become valuable commodities in Soviet-American relations, to be exchanged for trade credits and killer satellites. Right now, for instance, the release of 5,000 Jews—or of Anatoly Scharansky—would be seen as a major Soviet concession.

Yet in a nation where nobody has the right to leave, a bar on emigration does not represent a special affront to the Jews. It is particularly cruel only to those men and women driven by Zionist sentiment to live in Israel, for whom confinement within the borders of the USSR represents a special punishment. But nearly two-thirds of the Jews who left between 1968 and 1981 chose to come to the United States, just as many other Soviet citizens would if they had the chance. When it comes to emigration, Soviet Jews are only marginally worse off than other Soviet citizens.

FAR MORE threatening to the majority of Soviet Jews than the cutoff of emigration is the growth of officially sponsored anti-Semitism over the past two years. As sporadic reports such as the letter from the 38 Soviet Jews have reported, the harassment of Jewish activists has become more brutal, and frequently coincides with attacks on Jews in general. Last September, for instance, a Hebrew teacher from Moscow named Yuli Edelstein was set up by the police, accused of possession of narcotics, and sentenced to a three-year prison term. One of the police agents involved in the case was quoted as saying, "It is a well-known fact that Jews use narcotics in their religious rituals." Another Hebrew teacher had a gun planted in his apartment; another still was attacked by a stranger on a street corner and then arrested for provoking a fight.

Since August, more than ten Hebrew teachers and Jewish cultural activists have been arrested, but the significance of the crackdown goes beyond the numbers. Because synagogues in the Soviet Union are forbidden to hold classes or to foster cultural activity, and Hebrew is "officially" taught only to Russian Orthodox priests and government "Jewish experts," the arrests represent an attack on the very notion of Jewish identity. In the past, Jewish religious activists had fared comparatively well. For example, while many Christians have been placed in Soviet mental hospitals for practicing their religion, only

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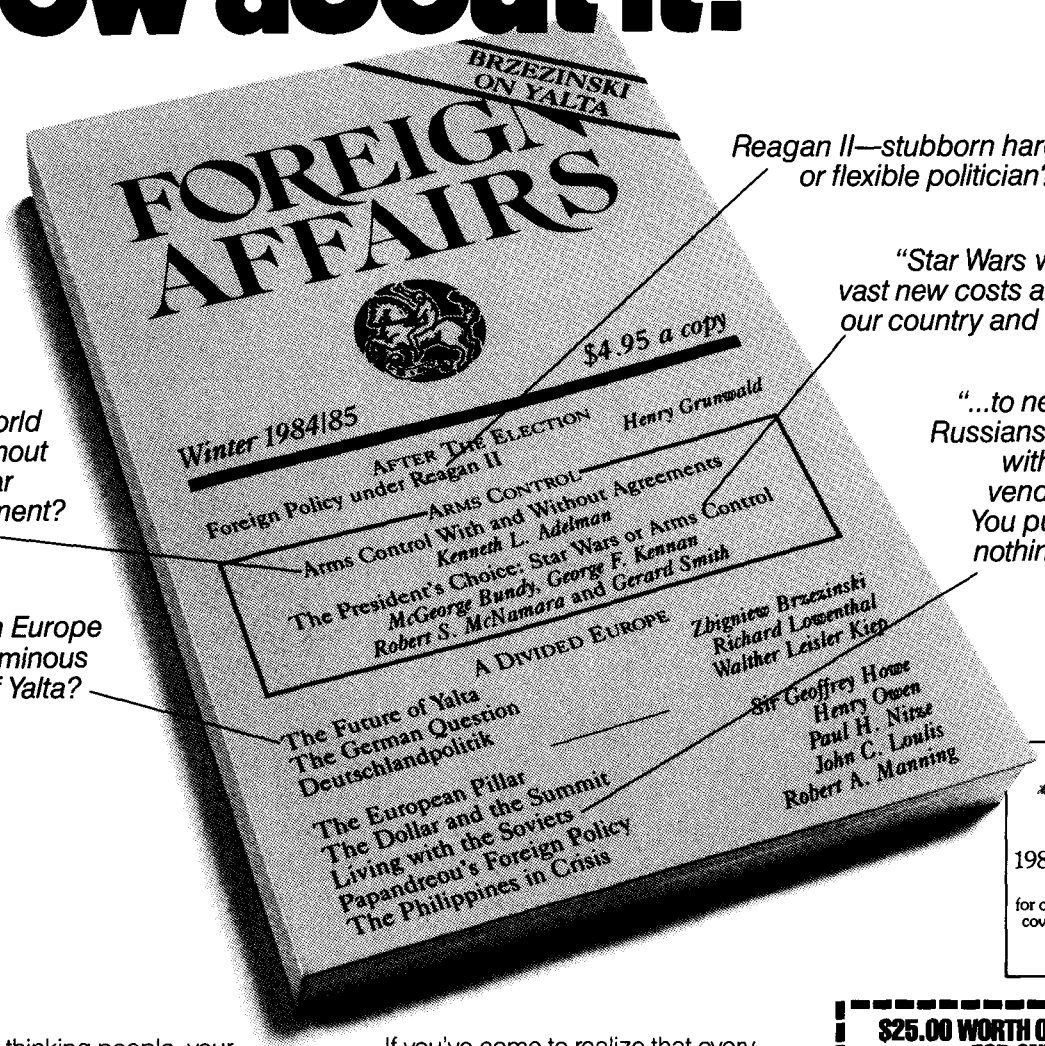

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one Jew that we know of has suffered this uniquely Soviet horror. Jewish groups in the United States have proven adept at publicizing the worst cases of repression. But it now seems that the shield of publicity no longer works. As Morris B. Abram and Herbert Kronish of the National Conference on Soviet Jewry wrote last month on the Op-Ed page of *The New York Times*, the Soviet government is engaged in "a systematic campaign to disrupt all Jewish religious and cultural activities." The campaign threatens "the very survival of Judaism in the Soviet Union."

The Soviet government now openly disregards the formal distinction it once insisted upon between "anti-Semitism" and "anti-Zionism." The result is anti-Jewish propaganda as poisonous as that put out by Libya or Iraq, or, for that matter, by Hitler. The official youth newspaper *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, for example, declared in March 1983 that the meaning of Zionism is "to turn every Jew, no matter where he lives, into an agent of the Jewish oligarchy, into a traitor to the country where he was born." A few weeks later, the Leningrad party daily *Leninskaya Pravda* described Israel as a "money-grubbers' paradise" and concluded: "Let us be frank. The appeal to Hebrew . . . is far from cultural, but is strictly political. . . . How does Zionism extend its tentacles? . . . First of all, with the aid of religion, and Hebrew."

WHAT ACCOUNTS for this new anti-Semitism? Soviet experts agree that it derives at least in part from the general crackdown on dissent that has followed the death of Leonid Brezhnev in 1982. But there are also indications that it represents a resurgence of straightforward ancient Russian xenophobia. Professor Stephen Cohen of Princeton argues that more and more Soviet officials "see the state's job being to protect Russian values from the West." They deplore "alien" influences, including Jewish ones, and exalt Russian traditions, including anti-Semitism. One example of this phenomenon can be found, ironically, in Leningrad, the city built by Peter the Great in the early 18th century as a window on the West and a symbol of the end of Russian isolation.

The current leader of the Communist Party in Leningrad, Grigory Romanov, is a brutish thug and known anti-Semite whose feelings about Jews resemble those of his namesakes Nicholas I and Alexander III. Under Romanov's rule, Leningrad has served as a focal point for Soviet anti-Semitism, from the infamous 1970 "Leningrad trials" of Jews who had sought visas to emigrate, to a crude television documentary broadcast in November 1984 which hinted broadly at the existence of a worldwide Jewish conspiracy and accused specific Jewish dissidents of treason. In June 1981 the Leningrad authorities incited a crowd to harass a gathering of Jewish activists with cries of "Jews, beat it out of our country!"—which is of course exactly what many of them would like to do. And in 1983, a Leningrad magazine called *Neva* even claimed, according to British historian Martin Gilbert in *The Jews of Hope*, "that stories of persecution of the Jews under the Tsars were nothing but 'Zionist propaganda.' "

There is agonizingly little that Americans can do about Soviet anti-Semitism. If Soviet-U.S. relations improve, the USSR may be again careful not to upset American sensibilities. But a Soviet "concession" on the issue is likely to mean that a few thousand Jews will escape, while two-and-a-half million more suffer continued discrimination and harassment. Russian anti-Semitism will endure, as it has for centuries. Now, as the United States begins to talk with the Soviets again, and as American groups continue their long vigil on behalf of Soviet Jewry, this point must be recognized. The right to emigrate is important. But the right to be a Jew is essential.

DAVID A. BELL

Can we afford the War Powers Act?

PRESIDENTIAL HANDCUFFS

SINCE the Vietnam War, U.S. foreign policy has become a matter of constant and embittered controversy, not merely between the party in office and its opponents, but within parties. No president, however farsighted and decisive, can now conduct an effective foreign policy. Increasing challenges to American interests in Central America and elsewhere, and the War Powers Act and other congressional restraints on the executive branch, have created a dangerous whipsaw which renders our foreign policy erratic and ineffective.

Nicaragua, dominated by Cuba, and apparently determined to emulate the Cuban example of totalitarian government, military aggressiveness, and subservience to the ambitions of the Soviet Union, has embarked upon a policy of militarism—a course that threatens the Nicaraguan people as well as the peace and security of the isthmus. Nicaragua provides a safe haven for Salvadoran terrorists and radio facilities to coordinate their attacks; and it participates in the Soviet-Cuban spy network blanketing Central America and the Caribbean. Nicaragua is training an army far larger than any other in Central America, and threatens peaceful countries such as Costa Rica and Panama. The leaders of both of these countries told the Kissinger Commission they believe that if the Nicaraguan build-up continues, they will be attacked within a few years.

Yet it was the United States—not Nicaragua, not Cuba, not the Soviet Union—that was condemned by the World Court in 1984 over the mining of Nicaraguan harbors. The United States was charged with helping Nicaraguan insurgents mine Nicaragua's harbors, and was found to be violating international law. The regular and flagrant violations of international law by the Soviet Union and its surrogates are well known, yet the Soviet Union, which has never acknowledged the court's jurisdiction, goes un-

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punished. Indeed, the majority of the judges who decided against the United States are from countries that do not accept its jurisdiction.

In dealing with the problem of restraining power without destroying it, the framers of the Constitution made the president the commander in chief of the nation's armed forces. Congress shares in the determination of foreign policy, but the president is responsible for its conduct. Abraham Lincoln conducted the opening stages of the Civil War as an executive act. After the attack on Fort Sumter, he gave Congress 80 days to assemble, but in the interim he called up the militia, blockaded southern ports, raised an army of 300,000 volunteers, and suspended habeas corpus. It is doubtful that he could have gotten most of these actions approved by Congress, although when Congress met, it tacitly approved his faits accomplis.

This separation of powers remained in place until the close of the Vietnam War. Ever since the War Powers Act of 1973, the separation of powers has been compromised. The provisions of this act deprive the president of the authority to back his diplomacy with military action short of declared war. Confronting challenges of the sort posed by the Nicaraguan government and the Salvadoran guerrillas, the president has three choices, all bad: (1.) to do nothing; (2.) to ask for a declaration of war; or (3.) to try to find his way through a thicket of legal restraints that inevitably give rise to accusations of illegal conduct. President Reagan rejected the first two options when faced with the situation in Nicaragua; and the whipsaw has caught him on the third. It would catch any president.

TO UNDERSTAND WHY, under the prevailing circumstances, any president will be ineffective in the conduct of foreign policy, we must understand how the president's essential freedom of maneuver has been restricted by a series of laws, amendments, and continuing resolutions that transfer responsibility for the conduct of foreign policy, especially its military aspects, to a deliberative body. The constitutionality of many of these measures has yet to be thoroughly tested: it should be.

The War Powers Act, passed over the veto of President Nixon in 1973, was a drastic response to the continuation of the Vietnam War. Presidents Johnson and Nixon had tried to conduct a full-scale war as if it were a police action, an error in which Congress was complicit. The effects of the act, perhaps unforeseeable in 1973, have now become manifest. In a world filled with subversion, terrorism, and shifting geostrategic pressures, Congress must be consulted, "in every possible instance," on the deployment of our military forces. Troops may not be deployed outside the United States without immediate reports to Congress. The president may not, without approval from Congress, keep troops more than 90 days in any area where hostilities are ongoing or imminent. The difficulty in deciding whether hostilities are imminent or ongoing is obvious. Without a specific act of Congress, the president will always be open to the accusation that he is defying the law.

This means that by doing nothing Congress can force the president to withdraw troops within 90 days; short of declaring war, Congress must pass a bill announcing on what terms U.S. troops will be allowed to remain; in areas of foreign policy and military action where secrecy is often essential, publicity has become mandatory. Military considerations have thus become political issues. The president must now consider, not the efficacy of his actions, but the reaction of Congress to them. By limiting the president's ability to deploy U.S. forces, Congress essentially took upon itself the control of crucial military actions.

THE War Powers Act has been joined by a host of other restrictions on the president's power to act. Various amendments to the Foreign Assistance Act of 1961 have sharply restricted the kinds of security assistance to countries whose human rights records do not meet our standards, even if such assistance is in our national interest, and even if the denial of such assistance leads to the abrogation of all human rights. Had these amendments been on the books in 1942, they would have ruled out all lend-lease assistance to the Soviet Union. For example, it is illegal under the act to provide antipersonnel bombs to the Salvadoran air force. The Salvadorans must buy these weapons elsewhere or use expensive and inappropriate U.S.-made anti-tank rockets against guerrilla fighters, who do not move about the Salvadoran countryside in compact units.

Our room for non-military action is also jeopardized. The Foreign Assistance Act prohibits us from assisting in the development of police activities in other countries. It thus keeps us from helping Costa Rica to strengthen its security forces, which are technically policemen rather than soldiers. Similarly, the act keeps us from assisting with legal reforms in El Salvador.

The Clark Amendment of 1976 was an early milestone in making the covert overt: it forbids the president to provide "assistance of any kind" that would promote, "directly or indirectly," the "capacity of any nation, group, organization, movement, or individual to conduct military or paramilitary operations in Angola" without submitting detailed plans to the Congress. The effect of the Clark Amendment was to give free play to Castro in Angola, who was not similarly restrained by a Cuban legislature. Cuba's ability to send its forces to Africa and anywhere else in the world with impunity is an extension of the Clark Amendment.

The Boland Amendment of 1982 further restricted the president: it specifically forbade him from assisting any group for the purpose of overthrowing the government of Nicaragua. The tangled web of legal and constitutional issues that this has created was revealed in its full confusion in 1983 when the House debated the covert-overt issue and made this topic a major item for newspaper and television reports.

But perhaps most damaging to an effective foreign policy has been Congress's unwillingness to recognize that secrecy can be essential in the conduct of international affairs. This results in an inescapable contradiction. When

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the details of our covert support for the Nicaraguan rebels are the subject of editorials in the newspapers and debated in Congress, we are forced to conduct our foreign policy by oxymoron: we must be either overtly covert or covertly overt. Either position leaves us open to tendentious criticism and to prosecution under international law. The Nicaraguans, while covertly supporting terrorists in neighboring countries, at least have the sense to deny it.

There is an inherent ambiguity in the current Central American situation that Congress and the American people must accept. Is pressure on the Sandinistas designed to move them toward the democratic government which they promised the Organization of American States and their own people in 1979, or to overthrow them? Is it designed to force them to stop supporting the insurrection in El Salvador and elsewhere in Central America, or to overthrow them? How do we pursue the one objective without taking steps that might achieve the other? If we put pressure on the Sandinistas, how do we know that it is enough to change their policy, but not enough to bring them down? The answers are inherently uncertain, but that is not reason not to act. The president cannot conduct foreign policy by oxymoron.

None of this is to argue that Congress should not help determine our foreign policy, or that it should not be consulted and informed on the actions taken by the executive branch. The objectives of our foreign policy must be an expression of our national will. But this requires that Congress provide leadership rather than politically motivated second-guessing, and that foreign policy be decisive, flexible, coherent, and resourceful. The current situation is deficient in each of these regards. There is always the temptation of doubting the president when he undertakes a course of action that is, in the short run, unpopular. But leadership requires looking beyond the next election and pursuing a course that is, in the longer run, in the national interest.

To require, in the absence of a declared war, that the president clear the detailed implementation of foreign policy with Congress denies him a wide range of tools needed for the effective conduct of diplomacy. The result of this policy may well be national suicide, since we in effect say to our enemies that we cannot draw a line and hold it unless they land on our beaches, and that there is consequently almost no limit to how far they can go.

THE RISE of Nazi Germany provides a clear parallel to the rise of the Soviet presence in the Americas. Hitler made himself master of Europe by small increments. At each step, the Western Allies refused to stop him. Hitler cannot be blamed for thinking that he could take Poland without opposition, for nothing in the behavior of Britain and France had suggested that they would draw a line and fight a war to defend it. Rather, whenever he stepped up to the line, Neville Chamberlain, the British prime minister, would erase it and draw a new one. When the Allies finally demanded that Hitler stop, it required World War II to enforce their demand.

The Soviets similarly probe to see where or whether we will draw the line. They have, for example, bit by bit discovered that we will tolerate a major Soviet offensive capability in Cuba, including squadrons of MiGs, a well-equipped Soviet combat brigade, an intelligence network, and a major submarine base. All of this violates the 1962 understanding between John Kennedy and Nikita Khrushchev that ended the missile crisis. The Soviet Union withdrew its offensive weapons and promised an end to Cuban adventurism if the United States would not invade Cuba. The conditions to which the Soviets and the Cubans agreed have been incrementally violated, without U.S. response. Even before the passage of the War Powers Act, our reluctance to proceed militarily against Soviet proxies in our hemisphere has led to their increasing presence. The act exacerbates the problem. If we do not repeal the act and remove the other restrictions on the effective management of foreign policy, we may find the Soviet Union willing and able to wage covert war in Central America or Mexico, at such a level of intensity that the refugee problem in the United States becomes catastrophic.

This is not inevitable. The Soviet Union and its proxies are led by realists in the use of power. Castro responded cautiously to our liberation of Grenada, and the extremist government of Suriname, immediately after the invasion of Grenada expelled its Cuban advisers. Had the administration submitted legislation for the invasion of Grenada, Congress would still be debating it, and while we dithered about what to do in Grenada, the Cubans would have so reinforced their military presence on the island that it would have taken major military action and the loss of many more lives to remove them.

Not the least of the bad legacies of the Vietnam War is the extent to which Lyndon Johnson's compromised attempt to defend the imperfect democracy of South Vietnam against the totalitarianism of North Vietnam has come to be regarded as the model of what happens when the executive is free to implement foreign policy. This catastrophic event has purged the national memory of other examples. Harry S. Truman promptly supported South Korea in 1950. Johnson himself took resolute action, in concert with the Organization of American States, by sending Marines to the Dominican Republic in 1965 to protect democracy. In the two decades since, power has changed hands in the Dominican Republic without violence. Any president should be free to be as resolute as Truman and Johnson were. We have, through the War Powers Act and through the amendments that have followed it, institutionalized Neville Chamberlain as the model for American presidents. If we remember what Chamberlain's policies led to, we may yet decide that it is time to reverse this disastrous trend.

JOHN R. SILBER

John R. Silber, the president of Boston University, was a member of the National Bipartisan Commission on Central America.

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Winners and losers in the celebrity surgery sweepstakes.

HEARTS OF GOLD

BY ROBERT BAZELL

FOR A TIME after he received a mechanical pump in place of his heart, William Schroeder was one of the most famous men in America. Now he leads the lonely life of a stroke victim. A speech therapist visits daily. He exercises. With great difficulty he can carry on a conversation. But often he does not remember what was said a few minutes or a few hours later, and most of the time he sits and stares blankly. The neurological problems are likely to last as long as Schroeder stays alive, and that could be quite awhile because the artificial heart is working very well.

The blood clot that traveled from that plastic heart to Schroeder's brain destroyed not only brain cells. It eliminated any chance that the device can yet be considered a reasonable treatment for cardiac disease, and it postponed the campaign of the Humana Corporation to use the artificial heart to publicize and promote its for-profit hospitals. Undaunted, the surgeons and the corporation are pressing ahead. The search is on now for the next recipient. The operation could be performed any day.

"The human heart has hidden treasures," wrote Charlotte Bronte, "In secret kept, in silence sealed." That and countless other quotations attest to mankind's fascination with the organ that circulates our blood. Thus exotic heart surgery makes for popular news items, and in recent months we've seen two great ones. Baby Fae got her baboon heart in Loma Linda, California; Schroeder got the plastic one in Louisville. I covered both events.

From a scientific viewpoint there was a big difference between these two stories. The attempt to implant the Jarvik-7 artificial heart, which began with animal experiments and Barney Clark in Utah and is now being continued in Kentucky, is a well-grounded, carefully considered research project. Ultimately it may or may not work, but if it fails it will not be for lack of careful review by a variety of competent panels, governmental and private. The Baby Fae experiment, on the other hand, can be described as questionable at best. Nevertheless, there were considerable similarities between the two.

Each attracted scores of reporters, working in an atmosphere more appropriate to a major sports event than to a serious scientific or medical undertaking. In each case the information relayed by us reporters (which ranged from significant medical data to idiotic trivia) gave the public a chance to root for an underdog—someone who would certainly have died without the operation. One was a beautiful, anonymous infant, the other a beer-drinking guy from the Midwest. But that doesn't matter; the instincts are the same.

Each case raised innumerable issues about medical care, including the ethics of human experimentation, the costs of the latest, high-technology adventures, and the appropriateness of heroic intervention. Each case aroused a chorus of criticism, much of it clearly grounded in jealousy, from physicians in other places. And—most important—each afforded an institution outside the medical establishment a chance to try to make itself known.

Loma Linda University is a tiny college run by the Seventh Day Adventist Church. Few people had heard of it before a surgeon there put a baboon's heart into an infant last October. Suddenly it was the focus of worldwide attention. Eight days after the operation the pastor of the campus church, Louis Venden, talked of Baby Fae during his Sabbath service. "I have been bemused a bit by sports fans," he said, "who get all excited when their team captures a World Series and they say 'We're number one.' For the first time in my life," the pastor declared, "I know how they feel."

The town of Loma Linda is certainly not a place that would usually consider itself number one. It is a small collection of neat wooden frame houses adjacent to the city of San Bernardino in what used to be the Mojave Desert and is now an expanse of concrete, gas stations, and fast-food restaurants 60 miles east of downtown Los Angeles. The area is shrouded in more smog than anyplace else in the United States, and probably the world. In Loma Linda there are no bars. Members of the Seventh Day Adventist Church, who dominate the town, do not approve of drinking alcohol.

The provision of medical care, including the latest and most technically advanced treatments, is a major goal of the Seventh Day Adventists. The medical center is the flagship of the church. The state of California designated it the tertiary care facility for a huge geographical area of Southern California. The majority of the physicians who practice at the medical center are church members, and they occupy positions of great prestige within the church. Many attended Loma Linda University, its medical school, or a residency program at the medical center. For some it was all three. As a result, the medical staff at Loma Linda feel insulated from the outside medical world, and

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often expect that other physicians will regard them with hostility. That expectation played a major role in the Baby Fae episode.

DR. LEONARD BAILEY, who put the baboon heart in Baby Fae, is a product of the Loma Linda system. He also trained at the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto. Almost every doctor familiar with Bailey's work agrees that he is a technically brilliant surgeon. Indeed, the fact that he was able to transplant a walnut-sized heart into an infant is proof of his skill. Before the Baby Fae case there had been only one heart transplant into an infant. It was a human heart in England, and the infant died a few days later.

It is not difficult to understand the motivation for attempting a treatment as radical as implanting an animal's heart. Hypoplastic left heart syndrome, the condition Baby Fae was born with, is a rare but tragic congenital defect. Infants with the syndrome are usually normal in every other way, and it takes a few days from the time of birth for doctors to diagnose it. Until recently doctors only could tell the parents that their apparently healthy child would quickly lose strength and die.

So Bailey, who had seen many of these infants die, began experiments with animals several years ago, trying to develop a new source of donor hearts. After the Baby Fae implant, many people demanded to know why an infant heart was not made available, but in fact infant donors are almost never a real possibility. Infants do not ride motorcycles, play with guns, or engage in any of the activities which can leave a person brain dead with a viable heart. Thus there are few infant heart donors available.

Still, there were problems with Bailey's experiments. For one thing, he seldom published his results or presented papers at conferences. This would have allowed others to review his work. And because the medical center gets substantial amounts of money for research from the church, he never needed to apply for grants, which also would have entailed outside review. Finally, there was the matter of the Norwood procedure.

When Bailey began his experiments, there was no treatment at all available for hypoplastic left heart syndrome. But as he continued, a group working under Dr. William Norwood at Children's Hospital in Philadelphia and another group working at Children's Hospital in Boston were developing a repair operation that was proving more and more successful. Although the procedure is still experimental, about half the babies survive. "We were sorry when Norwood started getting good results," one of Bailey's colleagues told me. "It muddied the waters. We were hoping to have a situation where no other treatment was available."

When Bailey talked to reporters two days after he put the baboon heart in Baby Fae, he described the Norwood procedure, but said that it was not a real alternative because only two percent of the infants were surviving. We can presume that is what he told Baby Fae's parents, but we cannot know, since Bailey and others at Loma Linda refused to discuss how they persuaded the parents of Baby Fae to agree to a baboon heart for the child.

At the press conference Bailey was also asked why he had not had any papers published or grants awarded. He said that he had made proposals but that they had been rejected, probably due to his age. This seems improbable, since Bailey was 42 at the time. A search by several news organizations failed to find any evidence that he had submitted any grant applications.

It was obvious at that time that Bailey might have benefited from some outside review of his work. It is understandable that a surgeon might attempt such an operation—once—as an act of desperation, or a bold experiment. But Bailey and his colleagues did not speak of the procedure as an experiment; they regarded it as a treatment. Soon Bailey was talking about Baby Fae attending college, although almost every scientist familiar with the case predicted that the infant would reject the foreign heart a few weeks later. A transplant from another species—called a xenograft—is almost impossible for the body to accept. Bailey and his colleagues told reporters that Baby Fae's body would not reject the baboon tissue because an infant's immune system is not fully developed. That is simply not so, and they cited no evidence for the assertion.

There were other indications that Bailey hadn't done his homework. To test for any signs of the infant's body rejecting the heart, the team performed a series of complicated tests on her blood. These tests have been developed only recently, mostly for studies of AIDS, and they are difficult both to carry out and to interpret. According to members of the team, Bailey and his colleagues had never carried out the tests on a normal infant. So they had no idea what normal was. In other words, they had no idea what they were looking at.

THE RELATIONSHIP between Loma Linda University and the press was strained from the beginning. It was clear that university officials did not expect the attention, nor did they know how to handle it. The first press conference was opened by Edward Wines, the university's vice president for community. "Allow me to tell you what the order of service will be," he said, and then explained that he was accustomed to running church services, not press conferences. Several times Wines treated the press corps like a bunch of third graders. When things got noisy, he would say, "We will not continue until there is quiet. I am prepared to wait."

Disputes between the press and Loma Linda focused mostly on what reporters saw as a lack of information from the university. At first university officials thought we would just go away. Then, as the stories continued, they began to relish the publicity—as the pastor's remarks indicated. Loma Linda was on the map for the first time. But they wanted stories without giving out much specific information about the patient's condition, and particularly about how they persuaded the parents to agree to the operation.

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The biggest uproar involved one of my stories. The chairman of the university's ethics panel, Dr. Jack Provonsha, had said repeatedly that "The major ethical question in this case is 'Who speaks for the child?' " My piece, without identifying the parents, revealed that they were not married, not living together at the time Baby Fae was born, and that they both had criminal records. The chairman of the surgery department, Dr. David Hinshaw, said because of my story, "The whole basis of medicine in the Western civilization is challenged and attacked at its very roots."

Almost three weeks after the implant, Baby Fae did reject the heart and die. The next day Dr. Bailey and his colleagues met with reporters and declared the operation "a success." "There's been a tremendous victory accompanying this loss," he said. Dr. William Friedman, the chairman of pediatric cardiology at UCLA, responded, "It's difficult to call a failed experiment a success." His comments reflected the views of much of the medical profession.

Dr. Bailey said he would perform another baboon heart implant after he analyzed the data from this experiment, which he said "may take several days to weeks." But so far there has not been another Baby Fae. Clearly a second operation would be even more controversial than the first, and perhaps there is fear that Loma Linda would not be "number one" again, even briefly.

LOMA LINDA UNIVERSITY may have been unprepared for the news media, but the same certainly can't be said for the Humana Corporation in Louisville. After Schroeder got his artificial heart, we were greeted with a public relations operation to match any I have ever seen. Doctors were available for two briefings every day, as well as for live appearances on the early morning network shows and the evening news. There were videotapes, photographs, copies of the consent form Schroeder signed before the operation, even pathology slides of his old, diseased heart.

Humana simply wanted to get the story out. The corporation agreed to pay for Schroeder's and 99 more artificial heart operations. David Jones, the corporation's chairman, was unequivocal about the reason. "We hope to establish Humana as a brand name that stands for high-quality health care services at affordable prices," he said. "To the extent that this is helpful with that, it will be a plus for the company."

Humana's goal, however, is not just to represent the information, but to put it in the best possible light. This is why the description of Schroeder's condition at the beginning of this piece is somewhat surprising, even to people who have been following the case. Since he suffered a stroke on December 13, Humana's recorded announcements have talked of "continuing progress." To my knowledge Humana has never lied about Schroeder's condition, but the only time reporters were given a chance to learn the full extent of the neurological damage was at a press conference on Christmas Eve. Few people saw the reports that aired on television that night, or read the articles in the papers on Christmas morning. As for the doctors who appear at the news conferences, Humana sent them to television consultants in Texas for a course in how to handle tough questions from reporters and how to answer in the most optimistic way.

WHAT IS NOW called Humana began in the early 1960s when Jones and Wendell Cherry (another Louisville lawyer) each borrowed $1,000 and began running a nursing home. Soon they decided that hospitals might be more profitable. Today they own about 90 of them, and last year the corporation's profits exceeded $200 million. Jones and Cherry realized that hospitals had been run traditionally on two principles: charity and bad management. They eliminated both—along with unions and some other bothersome institutions—and the money continues to pour in.

Even though physicians remain among the highest paid professionals in our society, the idea of hospitals operating for profit has offended many leaders of the medical establishment. People such as Dr. Arnold Relman, editor of the *New England Journal of Medicine*, have said that the profit-makers ultimately could threaten the quality of medical care. What better way for a chain to gain recognition and perhaps acceptance than to sponsor a highly visible, dramatic research program?

Dr. William DeVries, the surgeon who implanted the artificial heart and appeared on the cover of *Time* magazine, was ready to be lured away from the University of Utah early last year. He had been dedicating himself to research on the artificial heart since 1967, when as a first-year medical student he heard a lecture by Dr. Willem Kolff, a Dutch physician who is regarded as the father of artificial organs. DeVries, who resembles the late Gary Cooper, has pursued the development of the artificial heart with an innocent sincerity worthy of one of Cooper's movie roles. But at the University of Utah he had little support and money after Barney Clark died in March 1983. He faced continuing sniping from other faculty members who opposed the project even though it had the approval of the Food and Drug Administration. When Jones and Cherry offered to pay for 100 experimental operations, he did not hesitate.

DeVries now says that before Schroeder suffered the stroke, he had a premonition that it was going all too well, "with him talking on television all the time, even taking on Reagan about Social Security reform." Today there is little DeVries or anybody else can do for Schroeder, though DeVries still insists the operation on Schroeder was a success. "I think he's glad to be alive. I know his family is glad he's alive. I believe that if I were in his position now I'd be glad to be alive." Even with the neurological damage? "You bet," he replies, "you bet."

DeVries is now interviewing candidates for the next implant. The selection process has taken longer than predicted. DeVries has not said so, but it is possible he is more careful—more selective—even than before. Barney Clark and Schroeder both suffered neurological damage after

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they got the artificial heart—but for different reasons. Clark underwent seizures a few days after he got the heart. He never had a stroke. So there is no reason to think that the next patient will have neurological problems. But if a third patient were to have brain damage, there would be no way to maintain favorable publicity, and the Humana Corporation might be reluctant, despite public protestations, to pay for even one more operation, let alone 98 more.

Exotic medical procedures certainly make compelling news stories, and for a time they can elevate relatively unknown medical institutions such as Loma Linda and Humana from obscurity. The trouble is that they are indeed experimental, and often they do not work. In the end they run the risk of attracting considerably more bad publicity than good. Despite hopes to the contrary, it takes more than one operation to make any medical establishment "number one."

For your (and everyone else's) eyes only.

THE DEATH OF THE STATE SECRET

BY DALE VAN ATTA

NO MORE hypocritical hokum has made the headlines recently than Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger's charge that a *Washington Post* scoop last December on the military's space shuttle launch of a spy satellite gave "aid and comfort to the enemy." There was nothing in the *Post* article the KGB could not have discovered from public sources and its own intelligence-gathering satellites. On the other hand, Weinberger himself on any number of occasions has been known to override the "national security" arguments of intelligence analysts, and to publicly release "Top Secret" information on Soviet military capabilities.

The state secret is dying, and although Weinberger would like to believe that irresponsible journalists have hastened the process, the truth is that federal officials—and President Reagan himself—must share a large part of the blame. More than any other president in recent history, Reagan has presided over a hemorrhage of "national security" disclosures, in television speeches, official publications, and leaks. For all of his professed concerns about guarding state secrets and his efforts to muzzle overly talkative government employees, the president has displayed overhead U.S. spy photos of other countries and approved the publication of at least 25 drawings and doctored satellite photographs.

To be sure, there are other reasons for the waning of the state secret than the calculated indiscretions of policymakers. First, classified information is poorly protected. Although millions of dollars have been spent in background investigations on persons who seek clearances, and millions more to physically secure intelligence documents, the government is powerless to prevent an individual from selling secrets, nor can it make up for human absentmindedness or tension under duress. Second, a growing number of people share the secrets, which of course diminishes the value and protection of them. The General Accounting Office, in a series of little-noticed reports since 1979 on the management of classified information, has estimated that as of January 1, 1983, at least four million federal and civilian contractor employees held clearances to see classified information. This doesn't count CIA and National Security Agency employees, nor does it include those—like me, an investigative reporter—who have "unauthorized access" to classified documents. Third, and most significant, the rubber stamp has been widely misused for millions of bits of information that have no business being classified, which erodes respect for real secrets. In a 1981 study, the GAO reported that a randomly selected sample of 496 documents included 444—or about 90 percent—that were marked improperly in one or more ways.

Amid the tens of thousands of secret items to which I have had access, very few of those classified "Confidential" or "Secret" appeared to contain national security information. Most of the thousands of "Top Secret" pages I perused did contain at least one hot item. In this category are specially classified documents delineated by code words after the TS—"Top Secret"—marking. There are hundreds of code words, and though their very existence is classified, the cover on a number of them has been blown. At one U.S. spy trial, both "Umbra" and "Ruff," referring to communications and satellite intelligence, were acknowledged. TK , or "Talent Keyhole," denotes information from the KH, or "Keyhole," series of satel-

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lites; "Chess" marks U-2 and SR-71 overhead photographs; and "Epsilon" is attached to information gleaned by bugging the foreign embassies of allies like Great Britain, France, Canada, Lebanon, and Saudi Arabia.

However, bonafide super secrets are rare. Of 18 million "classification decisions" in 1983, it is estimated that only 3 percent were classified "Top Secret." The other 97 percent were classified "Confidential" and "Secret," and probably do not deserve the national security classifications they bear, nor the attendant threat that unauthorized disclosure "could result in criminal sanctions." But such an overload of classified nonsense is inevitable in a system that empowers two-and-a-half million federal employees to classify documents.

I have identified six ways that the rubber stamp is abused. They bring to mind the words of U.S. Supreme Court Justice Potter Stewart in the *Pentagon Papers* decision: "When everything is classified, then nothing is classified, and the system becomes one to be disregarded by the cynical or the careless, and to be manipulated by those intent on self-protection or self-promotion."

(1.) *Embarrassing Omissions.* Despite executive orders that have banned classifying information "to prevent embarrassment to a person, organization or agency," this abuse continues. For instance, in August 1982, the CIA completed a report, "Outlook for the Siberia-to-Western Europe Natural Gas Pipeline" (S/NF/NC), which was rather ticklish for President Reagan. It said, in effect, that Reagan's sanctions against the pipeline's construction represented a policy of impotence. "We believe," the CIA concluded, "using some combination of Soviet and West European equipment, deliveries through the new export pipeline could probably begin . . . about one year later than if the sanctions had not been imposed." The report was kept tightly guarded for fear that Congress or our European allies, who had been hurt by the sanctions, might use it to force Reagan to back down.

Many Pentagon reports address the abysmal readiness of the U.S. military, but few are available for public consumption. Examples include Pentagon reports that nine out of 16 active Army divisions in 1981 were rated marginally combat-ready or not combat-ready at all (C—"Confidential"); that 90 percent of the men and women who maintain and operate the Army's nuclear weapons in Europe flunked basic skills tests (S—"Secret"); or that "overall readiness of the Pacific Fleet is assessed as marginally combat-ready and declining" (S). My favorite is a Pentagon war game report (TS), in which every possible favorable advantage for NATO was programmed into a computer. Yet by the fifth day of the imaginary war, "the Warsaw Pact had penetrated past the NATO forward general defense positions. On Day 19, the Warsaw Pact broke through NATO's rear defensive line and started moving rapidly westward. Finally, the war game was terminated on Day 24 when NATO was unable to maintain a cohesive defense."

(2.) *Illusions of Importance.* Ego is often a reason for abusing the rubber stamp. What U.S. official involved in foreign policy or military matters does not think what he is

A Glossary Of Terms

The argot of classification requires a glossary for the uninitiated. The following is an explanation of only the most frequently used terms:

(C) Confidential: information the unauthorized disclosure of which reasonably could be expected to cause damage to national security.

(S) Secret: disclosure would cause "serious" damage.

(TS) Top Secret: disclosure would cause "exceptionally grave" damage.

(SCI) Sensitive Compartmented Information or "code word" intelligence designated by words such as "Umbra" and "Ruff" intended to limit access to special intelligence more sensitive than Top Secret.

(WNINTEL) Warning Notice: Sensitive Intelligence Sources and Methods Involved.

(NC or NOCONTRACT) Information not releasable to government contractors or consultants.

(OC or ORCON) The originator of the classified report alone controls its dissemination or information extracted from it.

(NFD, NF, or NOFORN) "No Foreign Dissemination" or "Not Releasable to Foreign Nationals." Exceptions for release to specific countries are noted on the document, the most frequent exceptions being Great Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and Israel.

(RD) Restricted Data: a Department of Energy designation regarding the (1.) design, manufacture, or utilization of atomic weapons, (2.) production of special nuclear material, or (3.) use of special nuclear material in the production of energy.

(FRD) Formerly Restricted Data: information which the D.O.E. and Department of Defense jointly determine relates primarily to the military use of atomic weapons and can be adequately safeguarded as defense information.

(NODIS) No Distribution to other than the addressee without the approval of the executive secretary of the State Department.

(EXDIS) Exclusive Distribution in State Department to persons with an essential "need to know."

(LIMDIS) Limited Distribution to offices and agencies with a "need to know."

(FOR YOUR EYES ONLY) Only the person intended to receive the report may read it—a charming James Bondish stamp but not a national security designation.

(OUO, LUO, and BUO) Official Use Only, Limited Official Use and Background Use Only—not national security designations.

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doing is somehow vital to national security and should be classified? William Safire once jokingly confessed that, when he served as a speechwriter for President Richard Nixon, he typed "TS/Sensitive/NC/NF" across the top of his draft of a 1969 speech on Vietnam. He explained that this was "to keep every staff aide and his brother from fiddling with my prose." But the plot backfired. Three days after Safire sent the speech to Nixon, Chief of Staff Bob Haldeman called and said the speech needed work, "but we can't let you have it. You're not cleared for Top Secret/Sensitive/Nocontract/Noforn."

SECRECY LURES the mighty and the humble to imbue their thoughts and actions with an extra aura of classified importance. Former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, the man who ordered wiretaps on his closest aides to track down "leaks," frequently used the "Roger Channel," a heavily encrypted communications system which neither the CIA nor the State Department hierarchy could read. He often sprinkled the holy water of secrecy on the most meaningless and inconsequential information. Ten "Memorandums of Conversation of the Secretary of State" from 1976 remain classified. Kissinger restricted access to the "Memcons" to only two of his subordinates. Here is a sampling:

> To Morocco's Special Emissary of the King, Mohamed Karim Lamrani, on January 29: ". . . many of our Congressmen . . . remind me of the sophomores I had in my classes when I was a professor. . . . I had a Senator today who asked me why we could not tell the Soviets that we would defend Europe and Japan and forget the rest of the world. . . . The man who said that was an idiot." (S/NODIS)

> To U.S. Ambassador to Ghana Shirley Temple Black, March 3: "Twelve days in Africa will drive me to drink. I have yet to meet a Foreign Minister with whom I have more than 45 minutes of real conversation. . . . [After Mrs. Black mentioned several Ford administration luminaries] I told the President this morning that never has history been made by so many mediocrities. Well, if that is our style that is what we must do. . . . I am Gemini . . . that means I am two-faces." (C/NODIS)

(3.) *After the Talking's Over.* When diplomatic negotiations are conducted publicly, they often disintegrate into propaganda and posturing. But once the agreement has been completed, why keep them secret? The letters and exchanges between the United States and the Soviet Union in 1962 following the Cuban missile crisis have been locked up so tight at the State Department that until recently, requests for full disclosure by Congress and even several presidential administrations were never honored. The only sensitive fact—and a historical one at that—which emerges from reading the documents is that President John F. Kennedy did not obtain an airtight agreement from the Soviets about nuclear weapons deployment in Cuba. It is inexcusable to continue to hide as "Top Secret" these documents on a 22-year-old agreement to which the United States and its people may be bound.

The same is true for the SALT I and SALT II negotiations, and others of their kind. Some of the same TS information I have been leaked was freely given to "the enemy" across the table during arms control negotiations. The U.S. negotiators argue that providing the CIA's best estimate of Russian weapons systems is essential to reaching an agreement on the nature and number of Soviet arms which need limiting. (As a final irony, senior Soviet negotiators have considered the CIA intelligence so accurate that they would sometimes ask their juniors to leave the room—the underlings were not cleared to know the details of their own forces.)

(4.) *Sibling Rivalry.* The different American intelligence services compete for espionage coups, budget, and attention from the president with such fervor that some documents are generously decorated with special classifications designed to keep competing agencies from seeing them.

The director of the CIA is supposed to convince the different agencies to pull together. But unless he comes up from the CIA ranks, he is unlikely even to know what's going on in his own agency. The CIA's clandestine services division so severely restricts its operational information from CIA intelligence analysts that it is not unusual to have a CIA-instigated event in a foreign country be reported by CIA analysts as if it was a spontaneously indigenous occurrence.

While the Air Force fights a turf battle with the CIA over control of spy satellites, the Army is at odds with the agency over who has the exclusive right to run commando-style covert action. Only the Navy has a close relationship with the CIA, occasionally doing the CIA's dirty work. The reward has been access to special intelligence and programs. For instance, when the 1960s secret war against Cuban Premier Fidel Castro ran down, the CIA gave the Navy cost-free both its newly developed speedboats and the "Day of the Dolphin" program that trained dolphins to place explosives under enemy ships. This is still classified.

(5.) *Fiscal Foolishness.* Far too much fraud, waste, and abuse in military and intelligence programs is swept under the national security carpet. "It's classified" is the favorite "no comment" of the Pentagon when asked about failed American weapons, other waste, or even general budgetary information. Nearly every expenditure of intelligence agencies, from buildings to bug sprays, is classified. In fact, the very existence of some intelligence units or agencies (like the Air Force's spy-satellite-operating National Reconnaissance Office) is classified.

From the few examples reported by whistle-blowers willing to risk jail (because the information is classified), it can be inferred that there is tremendous waste. For instance, there was the intelligence community's attempt in the early 1970s to find out the caliber of the cannon on the Soviets' latest tank, the T-72. Knowledgeable intelligence sources report that the CIA, DIA, and NSA shelled out $18 million in salaries, satellite, and spy money—before the British provided the DIA with the answer, after expending a mere $400. (This was the cost of a replacement lock they installed as they were secretly exiting an East

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German tank storage depot after they had gauged the gun caliber, and also lifted the T-72's operating manual.) One French military attaché in Moscow accomplished nearly as much at no cost. He simply told a Soviet military officer how much he admired the new T-72 tank. The chest-swelling Russian gave the French attaché a VIP tour of a tank base, showed him the gun, the ammunition, and even the inside of the cockpit, and then took the Frenchman to dinner.

(6.) *Out-of-Sight Slights.* Diplomatic sensitivity accounts for the classification of many reports which are no more secret than a report filed the same day from the same foreign capital by a correspondent for *The New York Times.* The members of the "U.S. Embassy Intelligence Group" meeting on November 3, 1983, in Buenos Aires offered no surprises about the post-election future of Argentina in their discussion (S). But the Argentines might have been touchy about the American analysts' predictions being made public. For the same reason, according to a sampling of classified reports, there was no sense in publicly stating that Peking was turning to the West "for technological assistance to modernize its armed forces" (S), that Australia, "in support of U.S. policies . . . contributes naval deployments and aviation patrols in the Indian Ocean" (C), or that "French nuclear-strike aircraft . . . might be committed to NATO" (S).

One of the most revealing examples appears in the transcript of a meeting Secretary of State Henry Kissinger had with Argentine Foreign Minister Raul Quijano on February 12, 1976, at Argentina's embassy in Washington. In it Kissinger referred to the famous interview he had with the Italian journalist Oriana Fallaci ("Kissinger," TNR, December 16, 1972), in which he likened himself to "the cowboy entering a village or city alone on a horse." Headline writers began referring to Kissinger as the "lone cowboy," and cartoonists played with the image of the portly statesman as the Lone Ranger of the Nixon administration. At the time, Kissinger told reporters he had agreed to the rare on-the-record session because of Fallaci's impressive interviews with Indira Gandhi, King Hussein, and Vietnamese General Vo Nguyen Giap. But this was not the story he told Quijano, according to the transcript (C/NODIS): "The only reason I agreed to the interview was that I saw a picture of her in a book and she looked attractive, so I wanted to meet her." He was disappointed for two reasons. One was that Fallaci had not described him as "a combination of Charles de Gaulle and Disraeli." The second was that he found her "a dumpy little girl, totally unattractive."

STILL, all of this said, there seems to be little question that one of the most flagrant abusers of the rubber stamp is the man who is ostensibly most concerned about that abuse: President Reagan. At the same time that Reagan is issuing stern proclamations about unauthorized disclosures, he is himself authorizing what ex-Senator Walter D. Huddleston of Kentucky correctly labeled "selective disclosure of national security information to promote one side of the debate." Examples include the release of raw intelligence in the early 1981 "white paper" on El Salvador, allegedly demonstrating that the Cubans were supplying arms to Salvadoran guerrillas; a December 1981 television speech in which he revealed that the proclamations for martial law in Poland were printed in the Soviet Union the previous September; State Department reports in 1982 and 1983 declassifying sensitive intelligence on "yellow rain" attacks in Southeast Asia; and the March 1983 television address in which Reagan displayed four aerial photographs taken over Cuba, Nicaragua, and Grenada to prove that the Communist threat was growing in Central America and the Caribbean.

THE WORST examples of Reagan's selective disclosure are a series of slick booklets called *Soviet Military Power*, published by the Pentagon, in part to influence military appropriations requests in Congress. A month before the 1983 issue came out, the Joint Chiefs finished a classified "military posture" statement, containing national security information about the Soviets. By definition, its premature disclosure would cause "serious" damage to national security. Yet most of the "secrets" were disclosed less than a month later in the slick March 1983 *SMP*.

For example, the JCS report classified the numbers of each specific intercontinental ballistic nuclear missile the Soviets had deployed. But a month later, the *SMP* public document included not only the same numbers but two convenient maps showing the residence by city name of most of these missiles. The JCS report labeled "Secret" an increasing emphasis in the Soviet bloc on the ground attack role of new aircraft "such as the SU-25." A month later, *SMP* publicly referred to "the formidable SU-25/Frogfoot ground attack aircraft" on five separate pages, providing details on the plane's speed, radius, wingspan, and armament—and including a two-page color drawing of the plane in action over Afghanistan.

These revelations come at a time when Secretary of State George Shultz is publicly stating that people who reveal "highly classified, sensitive information should be tossed in jail" because the leaks "sometimes make it difficult for the government to execute its policies successfully." Reagan is now attempting to impose a new regime of secrecy on unauthorized declassifications. He has issued a new, more restrictive executive order, promoted new laws to punish the publishers of secrets, applauded underlings in the executive branch who find crafty ways to slip and slide around the Freedom of Information Act, and wired up dozens to lie detectors. Finally, as a condition of government employment, he has forced tens of thousands of the secrets' caretakers to sign away their free speech rights for life in "nondisclosure statements."

The contrast between these new regulations and Reagan's own offhand leaks has angered dozens of government employees enough that they now dial a reporter and let the "secrets" flow. Some have been calling me, disclosing to a journalist they don't even know what they once wouldn't whisper to their spouse in the privacy of their own bedroom at night. □

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

A Review; A Report

Witness is a crime thriller full of lovely surprises. The director, Peter Weir, the Australian who has been little more than an ambitious imitator, shows originality, purposeful and winning. His past films, *Picnic at Hanging Rock, Gallipoli, The Last Wave, The Year of Living Dangerously*, have all been varying sorts of inflation. Now Weir has come to America and, daring to contravene my law of roots as resource, has made an assured, envisioned work. His view of *Witness*, maintained from start to finish, is excellently paradoxical.

Witness
(Paramount)

Falasha: Exile of the Black Jews
(New Yorker Films)

The basic idea is old: a murder witness whom the murderers want to eradicate. (*Rear Window* is only one of the breed.) The story and screenplay, by Earl W. Wallace, William Kelley, and Pamela Wallace, have two novelties: the witness is a boy of eight or so, and the boy is Amish. Most of the film takes place in the Amish country around Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Weir's prime decision—made, I'd say, with his cinematographer John Seale and his production designer, Stan Jolley—was to let the anachronistic, idiosyncratic farm life of the Amish people be the body of the film: to treat the murder and its consequences as invaders. Here, *pace* Yeats, the center *can* hold. Throughout the film, the rolling fields, the ample houses and barns, the food-filled tables, the "Plain People" clothes, the horses and buggies, the lamplight and the absence of telephones, are regarded as buttresses of *ein feste Burg*, standing up to the "English" or "Yankee" world (Amish terms) around them.

Further, Weir decided to shoot the whole film as close up as was feasible and sensible. Faces fill the screen much of the time, seen in gentle lights of day and night. The result is that this story of imminent terror, not in itself especially original, is placed in an original, intimate, beautiful texture. It's a rewarding directorial choice of contradictions.

Kelly McGillis, playing a young Amish widow, travels with her small son, Lukas Haas, to visit her sister in Baltimore. They must change trains in Philadelphia; while waiting in the terminal, the boy goes to the men's room where, unseen, he witnesses the murder of one man by two others. The Philadelphia detective put in charge of the case, Harrison Ford, takes the boy and his mother into custody as material witnesses. Soon it becomes necessary for all three—detective, mother, and son—to flee and hide: which they do back on the Amish farm where McGillis lives. In time their hiding place is discovered, and the story is resolved.

The script has its cracks. How would that unworldly boy have known how to hide as he does in the men's room when the killers search it? Why would Ford have risked his cover, wearing Amish clothes, by starting a fight in a country town when it's known that the Amish will not fight? One night Ford and McGillis tremble on the brink of lovemaking; he demurs and says the next day that if they had gone ahead, he would have had to stay or she would have had to leave with him. Yet a few nights later they do make love when the dilemma is no less real. (A personal note. Under the credits we see six or eight Amish farm folk walking abreast through a field of wheat. Would farmers do that? I once got my ears scalded for walking alone through a field of standing grain.)

McGillis, who was first seen in *Reuben, Reuben*, may not have much of an Amish accent—nor does her boy—but this is easy to overlook. She is enchanting. In one of Booth Tarkington's stories about the theater, a young actress's success is ascribed to the fact that she has the "bride look." So has McGillis. What her role asks of her she does with complete conviction, but additionally Weir seems to have used her golden bloom as a color control for the film.

Ford, on the other hand, has to strive for conviction. He always seems to me a silent-film actor, slightly overdrawing everything, adopting appropriate faces and poses with great goodwill. I never expect a voice to come out of him. The ballet star, Alexander Godunov, plays a young Amish farmer. Someone has evidently complimented him on his smile.

But Weir has made this film evenly and exquisitely. A commonplace event (commonplace to the Amish, anyway), a communal barn raising, comes off like a Martha Graham piece of Americana with music by Aaron Copland. However the music is by Maurice Jarre, the hand that lay heavily on *A Passage to India* but here lays on lightly some shimmering "open" sounds. Almost as big a surprise as Weir's achievement.

The following is a report, not a review. Simcha Jacobovici is an Israeli-born Canadian, a doctoral candidate in international affairs at the University of Toronto, who took a leave from his studies to make a documentary. With two

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Mass Appeal. Middle-aged compromise vs. youthful idealism—this time a priest and a seminarian. Decently if not deeply written; acutely acted by Jack Lemmon and Željko Ivanek. (Reviewed 1/28/85)

1984. Perfect visual texture, adequate adaptation of Orwell's grim vision. John Hurt and Richard Burton completely fulfill Winston Smith and O'Brien. (2/4/85)

A Passage to India. Forster's masterpiece is (to put it negatively) not dishonored by this screen version. Superb cast. Skillful adaptation, splendid editing and direction, all by David Lean. (1/21/85)

Stranger than Paradise. Modestly made, immodestly confident in its ease and humor. Three young people float through contemporary America. (10/29/84)

SK

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other Canadians, Jamie Boyd and Susan Price, as producers, Jacobovici made *Falasha: Exile of the Black Jews*, an 80-minute film shot in Ethiopia, the Sudan, and Israel, with interviews done in Canada and the United States.

Falasha is the very opposite of a quick attempt to exploit, emotionally or otherwise, the recent news about these Jews. In fact, the Israeli airlift that hit the world's front pages, caused differing discomforts, and was suspended, took place well after the film's completion in 1983. Jacobovici has been concerned with the subject for a long time in his young life. On April 23, 1983, he published an Op-Ed piece in *The New York Times* called "Dying Ethiopian Jews." On March 7, 1984, he screened this film for some members of the Knesset in Jerusalem after Israeli TV had refused to show it. On September 15, 1984, he published another Op-Ed piece in *The New York Times* called "Ethiopian Jews Die, Israel Fiddles." The news of the airlift came later, of course, as did its cutoff. On January 20, 1985, the *Times* carried a front-page story, sent from the Sudan by Judith Miller, headlined "2,000 Jews Die in Sudan Camps for Ethiopians." This is the minimum estimate of deaths since last spring.

JEWS have been in Ethiopia for over 2,000 years, yet they are called "falasha," a derogatory Amharic word that means "alien" or "stranger." Jacobovici shows us some of them in their villages—footage that had to be shot surreptitiously. Once we get over the childish surprise of seeing black Jews, as black as any blacks we know and as Jewish as any Jews, we marvel at their persistence in isolation. Many of them did not even know of the existence of Israel; all of them wanted to preserve the Torah and their religion. Famine, apparently, was what pressed them toward the Sudan.

We see Ethiopia's conflicting attitudes toward them. They are considered one of several tribes who are not integrated into the Marxist state, yet they must not be allowed to emigrate. One woman, seen only in silhouette, tells a tale of terrible torture for trying to escape. But other Ethiopians, too, want to leave: in the Sudanese refugee camps, the Jews are much in the minority—and suffer anti-Semitic harassment.

The Canadian and U.S. interviews are with officials of an association that has been trying to help Ethiopian Jews get to Israel and with a H.I.A.S. official whose concerns seem less direct. The Israeli sequences record some argumentative meetings on the subject of rescue, also a circumcision celebration in the home of some Ethiopian emigrants. Jacobovici includes a map that shows a subject of Israeli concern: the possible secession from Ethiopia of Eritrea, which is on the Red Sea, the route from the Suez Canal to the Gulf of Aden.

Present catastrophe in Africa doesn't need descriptive adjectives. Jacobovici's film, as he knows, deals with only part of that catastrophe. But in effect it deals with much more. "Man's inhumanity to man/Makes countless thousands mourn!" The Robert Burns lines that we all learned in school are out of date. Man's countless inhumanities to man now make mourning more and more of a political-social luxury.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

Theaterphilia versus Theaterphobia

David Denby, film critic for *New York* magazine, has written an extended attack on the stage which compels a response, since it is so agreeably argued it may well become a locus classicus of theaterphobia. It appears quite appropriately in *The Atlantic*, a Boston-based monthly whose Brahmin disdain for theater is long-standing—with roots perhaps in the antitheatrical prejudice of Puritans who, after closing English theaters for 18 years, emigrated to New England to establish churches and magazines as bulwarks against such profanity. Denby's bias is hardly Puritan. He speaks for a whole class of smart people, largely sophisticated New Yorkers, who love books, music, and movies but have long turned off the theater; I suspect he speaks for some readers of this magazine as well.

Denby's arguments are not unfamiliar, and many are true. Movies are a superior medium for realistic representation; even the worst films are exciting at some level, whereas bad theater makes you feel miserably trapped; stage actors fail to convince audiences they exist in real time and space; realistic settings are inauthentic, contrived, and mechanical. Denby is not only exasperated by bourgeois domestic realism. He also pummels the alternative theater for its self-conscious rituals of shock tactics, metaphors, and alienation effects. "The avant-gardist's concentration on the *means* of making theater," he writes, "is intellectually exhausting at best, a pretentious bore at worst. The avant-gardist is locked into a stance of pure aggression."

To research his article, Denby went on a New York theatergoing binge. He suffered mostly through the more celebrated middlebrow products of the commercial stage—*The Real Thing, Death of a Salesman, The Glass Menagerie, Baby, Sunday in the Park With George*—though he also ventured into *'night Mother*, which he disliked, and into such current avant-garde offerings as Brook's *Carmen* and Pina Bausch's *1980*, both unsatisfactory. The only production that aroused any enthusiasm from him, aside from *Noises Off* and *My One and Only*, was Mamet's *Glen Garry Glen Ross*, primarily because its dialogue (like that of *Hurlyburly*) reminded him of good movie actors improvising. I cannot honestly quarrel with most of his play judgments. I not only share many of his opinions, I find his expression of them witty and trenchant. It is refreshing to see a member of the film generation, with no scales on his eyes, taking a good look at what passes for hit plays these days (his review of *The Real Thing*, for example, is right on the mark regarding that fashionable exercise in deep frivolity); it is saddening, though, to think how many good potential theater critics have been lost to celluloid who, 30 years ago, might have been naturally drawn to the stage.

Still, while some of Denby's premises may be winning, his conclusions are all wet. For one thing, he's been sitting in the wrong seats. It's not just that so much of his attention is directed toward Broadway where, by common consent, virtually nothing of real interest has

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happened in years. His description of alternative theater is also inaccurate, indeed woefully out of date. Denby's main gripe about the avant-garde is that its only subject is itself—which is to say, the drama of action gives way to metaphors of process, experiment, the making of theater:

> The closer [the theater] comes to realistic representation, the more it betrays how inadequate it is next to the cinema; the further away from representation it moves, the more it loses contact with what interests us in the world and becomes preoccupied with the means of its own existence. . . . Devising an acceptable mode of being on the stage becomes a philosophical, rather than a dramatic, problem.

Most theater artists would agree that the movies have preempted realistic representation; but it is tautological then to condemn the alternative by the standards of movie literalism. And if philosophy and metaphysics are unfit subjects for the stage, where do we put *Hamlet, Life is a Dream, Six Characters in Search of an Author, Waiting for Godot*? Denby's notion of a self-reflecting, lacerating avant-garde, furthermore, fails to recognize the extraordinary new developments in performance art, which have moved as far from the aggressive and narcissistic Artaud-inspired Living Theater, Performance Group, and Grotowski Laboratory Theater as those companies did from Beckett and Brecht.

I DOUBT if these would give much pleasure to an observer who concedes the theater's superiority over movies only in the preeminence of the "word" (scratch a movie critic and you find a literary humanist). But it is silly to ignore the achievements of a growing cadre of experimental performing artists and groups. These, together with recent developments in playwriting—not just Mamet whom Denby admires, and Rabe whom he grudgingly praises for his "mastery of language," but Shepard, Norman, Durang, Feiffer, others—begin to suggest not that the theater is languishing but that it is experiencing a genuine renaissance. The "operas" of Robert Wilson, for example, formed in collaboration with people as diverse as Philip Glass and Heiner Müller, have opened up entirely new dimensions of theatrical time and space. Mabou Mines—under JoAnne Akalaitis, Lee Breuer, and Ruth Malaczech—has been experimenting with forms ranging from political satire *(The Dead End Kids)* to classical updates *(The Gospel at Colonus)* to a new brand of neorealism *(Through the Leaves)* by contrast with which films appear cheesy and grainy. The Wooster Group, in such works as *Routes 1&9* and *L.S.D.*, has been investigating the polity by rearranging such familiar American texts as *Our Town* and *The Crucible*; and an army of imaginative young directors has been deconstructing classics in ways that uncover fresh sources of vital strength.

David Denby fails to mentions these, as he passes over Laurie Anderson, Ping Chong, and resident repertory theaters, not to mention *The Garden of Earthly Delights*, an exquisite work of art which originated at the Lenox Arts Center before moving to St. Clement's Church in New York. I suppose he could challenge the theater credentials of this last-named, largely a dance piece with no obeisance whatever to the "word," but there is little question that it belongs to that burgeoning group of collective artworks that is beginning to transform our whole notion of what constitutes "theater." Conceived and directed by Martha Clarke, and featuring music by Richard Peaslee which is virtually a dramatic character in itself, *The Garden of Earthly Delights* is a collective creation of everyone associated with it; that includes the dancers, the musicians, the designers, and an aerial magician named Foy who has devised feats of flying for the performers—generally over the heads of the audience—which reminds us why the theater remains potentially the most magical of all the arts.

THE WORK, based on the paintings of Hieronymus Bosch, is in four parts: Eden, The Garden, The Seven Sins, and Hell; and I have witnessed few greater theatrical contrasts than that between the lyrical innocence of the opening and the carnal brutality of the episodes after the fall from grace. To the accompaniment of wind sounds and a brass choir, delicate creatures in white leotards wander through the garden on their fingers and toes, their behinds raised like ethereal fawns. A musician places his marimba under one of the dancer's legs and plays her; another turns a dancer into his cello. An unearthly half light suffuses the scene as Adam and Eve enact their agony in the garden; an angel flies above their heads. Banished from Eden, they turn into boats and sail away. Two nymphs begin whipping themselves with branches; a woman becomes a tree. A man (Jesus?) is led onto stage lashed to a huge stick.

As the music turns percussive and dissonant, the scene changes to a location much like Puritan New England, where loutish characters haul a load of raw potatoes out of a burlap bag. One puts an empty bucket on his head; another urinates on the floor. Characters begin shitting and vomiting potatoes. A man coldly copulates as others fight over the potatoes. The music shrieks and pounds. One man is hitting a bass drum; the drum is then used as a weight to crush another. The dancers begin to rotate in air like planets. One brute practices shoving a stick into a victim's eye; another hits a nail into his partner's head. The familiar strains of *Deus Irae* accompany a battle over the chimes playing it. Two men kill each other with single blows of a mallet. The original theme of Eden emerges played on a lonely cello. A woman pulls the cellist's arm and makes him miss his note. The music becomes foul and ugly. She breaks the strings, grabs his bow. He stabs her with the sharp end of the cello and plucks at it grimly as she writhes on the ground. A man is hanged. The piece ends with a chorus of flying figures. The audience departs, stunned both by beauty and brutality.

This sublime metaphor for the human condition could, I suppose, be considered philosophical or metaphysical; it is also powerfully dramatic. Admittedly, it is not realistic. Yet this imaginative adventure has plucked, as no veristic anecdote could, at the very strings of our existence. With her gifted performers and with Peaslee's musicians, Miss Clarke has concocted a one-hour creation that epitomizes everything that is unique and inimitable about the theater—its compactness, its concreteness, its immediacy, its grace, its capacity for inspiring awe. A few blocks to the East, in Broadway theaters, playwrights, composers, actors, and designers are still laboring with old outmoded forms in a style which, as Denby correctly notes, has been long expropriated by films. But *The Garden of Earthly Delights*, like so many recent works of inspired theatrical imagination, shows us theater in the act of regenerating itself, exploring realms that have thus far been uncharted, beyond realism, beyond representation, entering the very source of creation itself.

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Meet Jaroslav Seifert, the Nobel laureate.

CZECH MATE

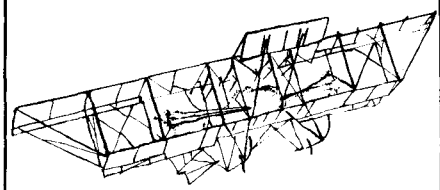
BY JOSEF ŠKVORECKÝ

THE members of the Swedish Academy have twice presented the rulers in the Soviet empire with dilemmas: when they gave the Nobel Prize to Pasternak, and when they gave it to Solzhenitsyn. The Soviet government solved the dilemma simply. It called the Stockholm decision political provocation, condemned the two laureates as enemies and traitors of the people, forbade one to leave the country and deported the other. A nice, Stalinist, clear-cut solution. Also boring. When the 1984 prize was recently awarded to the poet Jaroslav Seifert, the Czech government wriggled out of the mess in a much more amusing way.

At first the authorities could not make up their minds what to do. No wonder. All of Seifert's work after the invasion appeared first in samizdat, then with émigré presses, and only much later (with some censorial intrusions) in Prague. Upon learning that one of the recommendations to the Swedish Academy—perhaps the decisive one—came from dissidents of the Charter 77 movement, the government detained numerous Charterists; one was even sentenced to three years in jail. No wonder, then, that for several days after the bombshell of the prize fell on Prague, nothing but identically worded five-line statements appeared in various papers, announcing the fact and refraining from comment. A few booksellers did not wait for instructions and displayed Seifert's photographs in their shop windows; these were promptly removed by the cops. Eventually, the bosses issued a cautious commentary in the party organ *Rudé pravo* on October 13. It noted that Seifert, as a poet and as a citizen, "was not easy, was even controversial, but the importance of his work for our poetry is indisputable." A week later *Rudé pravo* went on the offensive, anxious to erect a smoke screen around the shameful treatment of the poet during the past decade. It printed a letter by the Czechoslovak ambassador to Paris entitled "The Nobel Prize Manipulators." The envoy voiced his displeasure with the way the French press treated the events surrounding the award in Prague; he accused the journalists of "attempts . . . to misuse the name of our poet in their slanderous attacks on our country, and make his name into a weapon in the psychological war against the socialist countries!" It was not true, he asserted, that the poet was subjected to chicanery; on the contrary, his work was held in high esteem, and President Gustáv Husák himself had congratulated him on the occasion of his 80th birthday three years earlier.

And that was the truth. But not the whole truth. When he turned 80, Seifert received hundreds of letters from readers all over Czechoslovakia. Among them there were two brief official congratulations signed by the president and by the prime minister. Since there were so many well-wishers, the poet could not answer each individually and decided to place a printed acknowledgement in the cultural sections of the daily papers. It turned out that no paper had room for such an item. The poet tried a paid advertisement; the classified ad columns, however, were also overcrowded. But Seifert persisted, meetings were held, and after two weeks permission to run the ad was finally granted. Shortly afterward two colonels from the secret police came unannounced to see the poet and tried to convince him that he should print, in addition to the ad, another announcement thanking the president specifically. They had the text with them; all the poet needed to do was sign it. Seifert argued that the president was included in the ad which thanked *all* his readers. Communism, however, is not egalitarian, and the colonels insisted on special treatment for the most equal. A heated ideological debate developed in the course of which the stubborn egalitarian collapsed and eventually signed

Josef Škvorecký is the author, most recently, of *The Engineer of Human Souls* (Knopf).



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something which he could not later rescind. His health rapidly deteriorated, and he went to the hospital with a heart attack.

But back to the Nobel Prize bomb. Over the next few days this past fall the government went to great lengths to present the laureate, both to Czechs and to the West, as their man. In militant tones the spokesman, Ivan Skála, announced on Prague TV that "we shall not permit anybody to take Seifert from us." (Thirty years earlier, the same Ivan Skála, writing in the party cultural weekly *Tvorba*, condemned in militant tones one of Seifert's masterpieces, *The Song of Viktorka*, and proclaimed that its author "had no right to use the honorable title of poet.") Jan Pilar, the editor-in-chief of the Writers Union Publishing House and a first-class survival artist, paid a visit to Seifert's hospital room, bearing official congratulations.

As soon as he left, two secret policemen in white doctors' coats seated themselves in front of Seifert's door and began checking the identity cards of readers who came to pay their tribute to the laureate. In Stockholm, in early December, the Nobel committee threw a party at a local Czech restaurant in honor of Seifert's children Jana and Jaroslav, who arrived from Prague to accept the prize on behalf of their father. They were to meet the press at the party. But, the journalists—and the many Czech and Slovak émigré intellectuals, myself among them, who had gathered—waited in vain: neither Jana nor Jaroslav materialized. Word leaked out that the poet's children had been warned by the Czechoslovak ambassador that if they decided to attend they would have to "face the consequences" back in Prague.

They are now back in Prague. I wonder what the next step will be in the *dance comique* around the 1984 Nobel laureate.

These somersaults were, however, to be expected. Jaroslav Seifert has become anathema to everything Communist mythology holds sacred. At the same time he is as popular among Czechs as movie stars are among Americans; his venerable age and unshakable courage have made him into a kind of untouchable national saint. Of the great Czech Communist poets born around the turn of the century—S. K. Neumann, Jiří Wolker, Vítězslav Nezval, Vladimír Holan, František Halas, Josef Hora, and František Hrubín—Seifert was the only genuine proletarian, the son of a factory blacksmith. The rest were bourgeois pinkos and parlor reds. In the euphoria after the Russian Revolution of 1917 they all joined the Social Democratic splinter group which became the Communist Party; and they all, to different degrees, diligently produced "proletarian poetry," sometimes with predictably uninspired results, sometimes creating poems of charm, sincerity, and enduring value.

JAROSLAV SEIFERT BY JACK COUGHLIN

But unlike the leading personality of the group, S. K. Neumann, whose method of learning about the Soviet Union was purely deductive (he passed sharp judgment on the accuracy of André Gide's book on Russia without ever bothering to visit the land of his many encomiums), Jaroslav Seifert chose the inductive method. He traveled to Moscow as early as 1925, and again a couple of years later, to make sure he saw truly. It was then that he came to a conclusion which he never changed, which he never had to change because the events of the next half-century of his long life have borne him out. In 1929 Stalin's Prague agent Klement Gottwald seized power in the party and saw to its "bolshevization," i.e., changed it from a relatively independent Marxist organization to a totally subservient subsidiary of the Kremlin. On Seifert's initiative, seven prominent Communist writers issued a manifesto protesting the ominous development. Five of them soon let themselves be bolshevized too, i.e., they recanted and humbly returned to the deadly embrace of Gottwald.

Two signatories of the 1929 manifesto did not withdraw their names from the document and were duly expelled from the party: Josef Hora and Jaroslav Seifert. Both joined other leftist parties, Hora the Czech Socialists and Seifert the Social Democrats.

Had Seifert not become, in the course of the next 20 years, the dearly beloved grand old man of Czech letters, his old adversary Klement Gottwald might have added him to the hundreds of unfortunates he handed over to the hangman after the coup in 1948. But, to use a cliché that describes the situation well, the love of the people shielded the poet; and, more prosaically, he was well connected in the cultural hierarchy of the party through his imperfectly bolshevized poet-friends. And so Seifert survived the deadly years of Stalin's de-

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cline, just as he had survived the even deadlier time of Nazism.

It was during the Nazis' reign that he first earned not just popularity but the loving devotion of his readers. In book after book full of both linguistic beauty and encoded messages—clear to the Czechs, impenetrable to the Nazi censor—the poet boosted the morale of his nation. His poetry inspired fellow Czechs with love for their country and its ancient and picturesque capital. That love was somewhat sentimental perhaps, but in those days also necessary. Besides, Seifert did things like put his own name to a Jewish writer's book in order to get it published, as well as help the families of Gestapo victims.

IVAN Skála's attack on *The Song of Viktorka* (1950) silenced Seifert, fortunately only for a few years. After the 20th Party Congress in 1956, the sweet winds of heresy began blowing from Moscow so that at the Congress of the Czechoslovak Writers' Union in 1956 Seifert was able to break his enforced silence. He did so in the shrillest way possible. Accusing his colleagues among the establishment hacks of voluntarily keeping their mouths shut when the police were arresting tens of thousands of innocent people, among them many writers, he proclaimed: "If an ordinary person is silent . . . it may be a tactical maneuver. If a writer is silent, he is lying . . ." He then demanded that banned writers be invited back to the literary scene; that the cases of writers languishing in prisons be reexamined; that, if found innocent (later they were indeed all found innocent), these writers be released. Although Seifert's bold demands elicited attacks on him, nothing happened for the time being: the writers remained in jail, but Seifert was not sent there. Soon the "thaw" set in, and though it went through several reversals, eventually the writers (and most other prisoners) were freed and Seifert was nominated National Artist. If "national" in this Stalinist title means "known to and loved by the nation," then among the several dozen bearers of the title, Seifert is the only genuine article.

The thaw was followed by the short-lived Dubček utopia. But in Seifert's private life things got worse. Shortly after 1960 he fell seriously ill, a victim, among other things, of what probably was a misdiagnosis and an unnecessary operation. He could barely walk.

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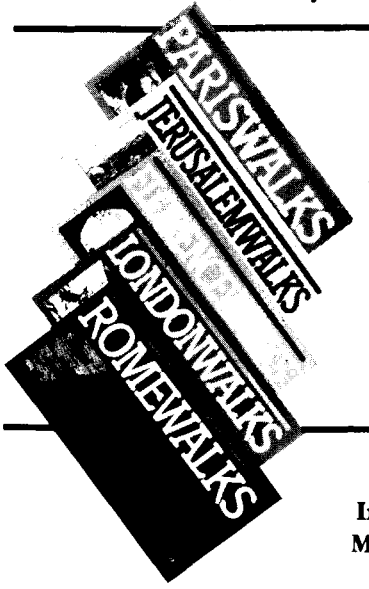

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I have always felt that the Soviet invasion in 1968 had at least one good consequence: it literally put the incapacitated old poet back on his feet. The insult of the military intervention hurt the sensitive heart of the man beyond endurance. He hailed a taxi and, on crutches, entered the Writer's Club, where he had himself elected the union's chairman in place of Eduard Goldstücker (who, subjected to virulently anti-Semitic threats, had to flee the country). For the nine months or so that remained of that organization's life, Seifert firmly faced both attacks and overtures by the Husák regime. In the end the government lost patience and ordered Seifert to proclaim, in the name of the membership, the union's support for the officially accepted version of the Soviet ambush ("brotherly help"). Seifert refused, claiming that the union, unlike the party, was a democratic organization, and he could do nothing in its name without consulting the members. Then he promptly put the matter of brotherly help to a vote. Almost unanimously the union rejected the Orwellianism, whereupon it was promptly disbanded.

Seifert found himself a full-fledged member of the underground. In 1977 he signed the bold Charter 77 manifesto, damned by the party and followed by a witch-hunt of the signatories. Once again, Seifert's popularity, and by now also his age, saved him from consequences more serious than the banning of his books and occasional interrogations.

ALL THIS may prove that the poet is an exceptionally courageous, politically clairvoyant, morally blameless man. But is he an artist great enough to justify the awarding of the great prize? As great as, for instance, another laureate, Pablo Neruda, that thief of an honest Czech name, that parlor Stalinist and admirer of the Georgian's chief executioner, Andrei Vyshinsky?

I have no doubt that he is. Unfortunately, the proof is in the poetry. Many, including myself, have serious doubts whether lyric poetry, particularly of the crystal-clear, onomatopoeic kind that Seifert mostly wrote, can really and wholly be appreciated except in its own language. Even relatively simple things are hard to translate well. Take the lines from one of Seifert's early poems that, in Czech, go like this: *Slyším to, co jiní neslyší,/bosé nohy chodit po plyši.* The literal translation means: "I hear that which others don't/bare feet walking on plush." But the two lines are rich in recurrent affricates ("š" pronounced "sh") and spirants ("s" and "c" pronounced "ts") which evoke the sound of the steps in the lines. The effect of the entire poem is based on similar sound-play. I attempt a translation for which I have to apologize:

> I hear sounds that others do not hear,
> Bare feet on plush tiptoeing near.

All that is left is a rather ordinary rhyme, definitely a distortion of the elegant rhyming of the Czech original, and—incidentally—an echo of Andrew Marvell because, I guess, I have been reading Hemingway lately. A better translator would naturally do better, but would he be able to do absolute justice even to this simple ditty? I wonder. If translation of subtle lyrical poetry is possible at all, it can only be done by writing new poems, in the other tongue, on themes borrowed from the original; by paraphrasing the original as closely as possible without disfiguring the texture, the idiomatic tone, the beauty of the other language—something in the manner of Edward FitzGerald's *The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám*. With all due respect to the existing renderings, Seifert has yet to find his FitzGerald.

ANOTHER difficulty, not linguistic but psychological, is that many of Seifert's main themes—Prague, Czech history, Czech literature—are imbued with a vast but esoteric wealth of associations that simply are not there for a foreign reader. Take *The Song of Viktorka*. It is first of all a tribute to the memory of the most beloved and the most interesting female Czech novelist of the 19th century, Božena ("Betty" to her admirers) Němcová; a kind of Czech George Eliot, a courageous feminist before the word was known in Bohemia, a bold mistress of several lovers at a time when having lovers was suicidal for a married woman in the puritanical atmosphere of patriotic Prague, and, last but not least, a celebrated beauty who died of tuberculosis at the age of 41. Most Czechs, both men and women, are enamored of the image of the martyred woman who, alone among many friends, had the guts to publicly greet Karel Havlíček, the hero of the revolution of 1848, after his return from enforced exile—another suicidal act in the days of the oppressive postrevolutionary regime of Alexander Bach. Several modern poets wrote entire books dedicated to the memory of Betty Němcová. Seifert wrote two. The heroine of the second one, *The Song of Viktorka*, is a romantic rebel from the authoress's best novel, *The Grandmother*. Seduced and abandoned by a soldier, Viktorka goes mad, lives in the wild freedom of the forest, and is eventually killed by lightning. Romantic stuff, but my God, how mythopoeic! Seifert rendered the story in haunting, balladic, untranslatable quatrains that reverberate with crisscrossing Czech associations; numerous references link the countryside to 19th-century literature, history to legend, present tragedies to past ones, the lovely image of the mad girl with the lovely image of her creator. The chains are endless. But only for the Czech reader.

DESPITE all these obstacles, however, some of the poetic power travels through the translation. The following is from a poem Seifert wrote in the mid-1970s in memory of his friend and fellow poet, Vladimír Holan:

> In the wretched aviary that is Bohemia
> he tossed his poems around him
> with contempt
> like chunks of raw meat

In the '60s this from *The Song of Hendele*, written in memory of a girl who died in Auschwitz:

> Little Hendele
> sometimes tells me
> what she has learned in kindergarten:
> Cuckoo, cuckoo, tell me, please
> Is there a life that I shall miss?
> Oh, dove, shut up, no more sweet songs
> here you cannot sweeten anything.
> Beat your wing against the stone,
> the rabbi should get up,
> he's been sleeping too long . . .

And one more from the *annus mirabilis* of 1968:

> I want to believe the time has come
> when it is possible to tell murder in the face:
> You are murder.
> Meanness, even adored with laurel,
> will again be meanness,
> lie will be lie as it used to be,
> and the pistol will no longer be able
> to unlock innocent door.

There is yet another difficulty. Something in most of Seifert's poems appeals to both intellectuals and to the man in

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the street. That quality has largely disappeared, I think, from American poetry, which is no longer read by wide audiences, except on college campuses. Unread poetry tends to develop codes that few initiates can break. It is frequently great and powerful poetry, but its power hardly strikes the fancy of a general audience. A poet who would appeal, like Chaplin in films, to both highbrow and lowbrow readers, seems an impossibility in America today, except in the marginal field of humorous nonsense verse.

Seifert is precisely that kind of artist, and Professor Lars Gyllensten of the Swedish Academy was right when he said, in his presentation speech, that Seifert "knows how to address both those who have a literary education and those who approach his work without much schooling in their baggage." This "Chaplinesque" aesthetic is not an accidental development. It is a poetic program. In an essay called "A New Proletarian Art," written in 1922 at the very beginning of his career, Seifert called for the destruction of barriers between low art and high art. But Seifert's appeal to readers both with and without intellectual baggage may be largely lost on American audiences. The poems' very accessibility may prove a hindrance to their acceptance by North American intellectuals of today.

But then not all of Seifert's poetry is of the "easy" kind, and should he find his FitzGerald, even the song-like pieces may lose their flavor of open emotional expression, so alien to the English-speaking Westerner. In such a translator's hands, the beauty of *Viktorka* may yet shine through all the thick layers of inaccessible associations and bring tears of Slavic emotion to the sophisticated eyes of American readers, at least in the privacy of their campus dormitories.

CANVASSING THE CITY

The Painting of Modern Life: Paris in the Art of Manet and His Followers by T. J. Clark

(Knopf, 352 pp., $25)

In this new book, as in his earlier ones on Courbet and the art that emerged from the revolution of 1848, T. J. Clark aims to relate certain aspects of modern French painting in the 19th century to changes in contemporary society, and to the way in which those changes were perceived. I find it necessary to begin my review in this cautious manner because Clark goes out of his way to avoid the simplistic solutions which have all too often been proffered either by casual references to "the spirit of the times" or by "vulgar Marxism." His allegiances are clear enough; but although he occasionally feels the need to emphasize his desire to "remain within the orbit of historical materialism," or to hint at his admiration for feminism (as if alarmed that the distance of his own perceptions from the heavy-handedness that has marked so much conventionally done "progressive" writing on the arts might arouse suspicion in those circles), he has in fact made a genuinely original contribution, in both style and approach, to art-historical writing. Indeed, it is the combination of characteristic style and approach which gives his books a certain forceful authority and which has already attracted imitators.

Clark's writing is neither academic nor pedantic nor clumsy nor full of jargon—and such negative praise will not seem trivial to anyone familiar with art history today. But it is not always easy. The very elegance of certain phrases can make them so concise that the reader—this reader—longs for an element of slackness which will allow him to relax. His prose is sometimes elliptical, very often allusive, still more often elusive; and it ranges from the chatty to the mannered. It can also be very telling and vivid, sometimes eloquent. Some of his descriptions are superb. It is a style of real individuality, and it seems right to begin by referring to it because he himself (correctly) lays so much emphasis on the styles of the pictures he has chosen to discuss. Moreover, it will be my failure to engage fully with certain of his idiosyncrasies which may well be responsible for my misinterpretation of what he sometimes has to say.

CLARK'S main innovation of method may seem so obvious that one runs the risk of banality in singling it out. He digs up from the contemporary sources every available critical reference to the paintings that principally concern him (as a bibliography alone this book will prove invaluable)—and then proceeds to take them seriously. Of course art historians have long enjoyed picking out the odd salon review in order to show up the obtuseness of 19th-century critics when faced with original genius; and occasionally they have used such material in more sophisticated ways. But I do not know of anyone except Clark who, when reading the complaint of some now-forgotten critic that an Impressionist painting fails to make sense, will actually take the trouble to look carefully, and then comment as follows:

> These criticisms are ungenerous, but they point to things in the paintings which truly are odd and ought to be recognized as such. The pattern of brush strokes which Pissarro uses on the right-hand side of the *Coin de village* where the branches half obscure the sides of a house, some shuttered windows, and a door—is very near to not being pattern at all. If we look at the picture at arms' length (the painter's distance), the various marks which may stand for branches, shadow, scrub, plaster, tiling, the lines of eaves or tree trunks, all do their job of representing in a way which barely makes sense. . . .

I am most reluctant to cut this lengthy quotation because it demonstrates so vividly why Clark really does deserve the attention he receives even from those who find his attitude and interpretations wholly unsympathetic. Despite the fact that he has a theory to expound, he actually looks at the pictures he is examining (and examining is the right word). His analyses of what is actually to be seen in certain paintings by Manet and the Impressionists (I am not now talking of his interpretations) are far more persuasive, to my mind, than those of countless critics who imply that an interest in ideas, meaning, social background, and so on constitutes an inevitable impediment to any real sensitivity to art. (And it is only fair to note that he has been very well

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served by his publisher, who has produced an exceptionally well-designed and well-illustrated book.)

Clark thus brings to his task a great deal of original research, whose results he treats with real respect (even when violently disagreeing with them) and a readiness to look very carefully. But, of course, all this is laid at the service of a theory, and is used to account for certain artistic developments which are generally summed up under the term of Modernism—"used here," explains Clark, "in the customary, somewhat muddled way. Something decisive happened in the history of art around Manet which set painting and the other arts upon a new course. Perhaps the change can be described as a kind of scepticism, or at least unsureness, as to the nature of representation in art."

MOST critics would indeed agree that "something decisive happened in the history of art around Manet," and would also accept without demurral that this "something decisive" must be related to the Paris of the Second Empire, the Paris of Napoleon IV, the Paris above all of the Baron Haussmann. The trouble has always been to define the relationship more clearly. As far as I understand him—caution is once again necessary, because he often seems to be getting very near indeed to the ideas I am attributing to him, and then backing away from them, almost denying them—Clark implies that we should not visualize the relationship as one of cause and effect in the usual way. We should, rather, conceive of certain artists making (often conscious) attempts to reflect in the very style of their pictures—"a kind of scepticism, or at least unsureness, as to the nature of representation"—those startling ambiguities in the social structure of Paris and its inhabitants which were noted by contemporaries and have since been analyzed by social scientists. Painting was, to that extent, more of a metaphor for the expression of tensions and uncertainties than a mirror to be held up to reality; and "Modernism," in the sense that Clark uses the word, lasted for a relatively short period and culminated, rather surprisingly perhaps, in the confusing juxtapositions to be seen in Seurat's ostensibly hieratic *Grand Jatte*, though it could still offer painters valuable lessons today.

Clark centers his discussion on a limited number of pictures—above all, Manet's *L'Exposition Universelle de 1867*, *Olympia*, *Argenteuil*, *les canotiers*, and *Un Bar aux Folies-Bergère*, and some others by Degas and Monet—though he introduces a great deal of comparative material. These are juxtaposed, as it were, to the writings of the Goncourts and others (Clark finds the views of such "reactionaries" as stimulating and informative as did Marx those of Balzac), to writings of those who complain that the rebuilding of Paris has thrown old values into doubt, that distinctions between town and country, between "courtesan" and "prostitute," no longer hold good, that the social classes are confusingly mixed in the newly fashionable café—and so on. In this way the very difficulties that face us when we try to "read" Manet's *Un Bar aux Folies-Bergère*—how do we or the barmaid (or barmaids) or the client stand in relation to the mirror?—become, as it were, the actual point of the picture, because only through creating such difficulties could Manet convey the difficulties of finding one's orientation in a society which had lost its traditional bearings.

This theory has notable advantages over the usual explanations. It avoids crude determinism, because it acknowledges the element of choice confronting individual painters. Indeed, one of the most refreshing features of Clark's book is his readiness to think in these terms—in terms of artists, that is, as creators (and fallible creators) whose achievements can be gauged by the spectator—and his willingness to leave aside "the inveterate modernist who no doubt sees at once that the face (of the barmaid in Manet's *Bar aux Folies-*

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Bergère) is nothing but that of painting itself, the presence of the signifier, the absence of the signified, etc." But such a theory correspondingly assigns to the artist a burden of responsibility which at times appears implausibly heavy. Though his actual approach is routinely different, Clark sometimes comes close to introducing into the stylistic study of 19th-century art elements of that exaggerated refinement of art-historical technique which has so often distorted a reasonable understanding of the painting of the 16th and 17th centuries; that is, in his emphasis on an interpretation of the iconography, he allows no place for the casual or the decorative.

Two criticisms of principle have to be made. In the first place, the (necessary) limitation on the number of pictures to be discussed in detail means that certain features in them, which are common to many other works, run the risk of being singled out for unwarranted explanations; at the great Manet exhibitions held in Paris and New York, it was striking how often poses or expressions might be very similar in paintings which represented very different themes. And, secondly, Clark occasionally forgets that artists usually paint pictures to sell rather than to make statements, and that their clients buy pictures to hang on walls. When he writes of Manet that "Industry can be recognized and represented, but not labor; the factories have to be kept still, as if that were the guarantee of their belonging to the landscape—a strange guarantee in an art which pretended to relish the fugitive and ephemeral above all else," I can only comment that I do not find this situation strange in any way. In fact the only thing strange about this and the accompanying sentences is that they should have been written by a historian who, elsewhere in this puzzling but remarkable and profoundly informative book, should show himself so very sensitive to the social nuances and implications of 19th-century art.

FRANCIS HASKELL

Francis Haskell, professer of art history at Oxford, is the author of *Patrons and Painters* (Yale University Press), among other books.

THE BEAR LAID BARE

Survival Is Not Enough: Soviet Realities and America's Future by Richard Pipes

(Simon & Schuster, 302 pp., $16.95)

The Reagan administration seems to wish to renew its "dialogue" with Moscow. Mrs. Thatcher declares that she "likes" Mr. Gorbachev. Mr. Mitterrand delights in the "warming" with the East. The West, in short, is turning once again, as soon as Moscow asks, with joy to détente. We must hope, therefore, that *Survival Is Not Enough* becomes mandatory reading. With remarkable vigor, clarity, and breadth of knowledge, Richard Pipes's new book refutes the learned but false doctrines of the "New Sovietology," and demolishes the ideas currently inspiring the policies of Western statesmen toward the Soviet Union.

Only he could have written it. Among the renowned generation of students of the Russian historian Michael Karpovich, who renewed our knowledge of the Russian and Soviet worlds in the 1960s, he has been the most productive. Throughout the period of détente, so difficult to bear for those who "knew," Pipes never hesitated to say no, to dispel illusions, even to the point of being called a warmonger, which is bearable, and an idiot, which is much less so when one is more intelligent than many of one's critics. And he has held a position on the National Security Council in Washington which allowed him to observe the gap between what should have been done and what has been done.

The nature of the Communist system, Pipes writes, produces a special kind of threat. The system, however, is in crisis. Pipes argues that it is possible for us to take advantage of this economic and political crisis to force the system to change. In this way we can put an end to the threat that hangs over us, in the face of which we can do no more than simply hope to survive.

THE nature of the Communist system, according to Pipes, derives from the fusion of an earlier state, Russia, with the Marxist experience begun by Lenin. Russia's historical novelty was to have been a conquering state where the Prince did not need to compromise with local authority; where sovereignty was not distinguished from property (the "patrimonial state"); where nationalism relied on an exclusive, messianic religion; and where ideas of law and contract could never take root. The Westernization undertaken by the St. Petersburg emperors was brutally interrupted by the Bolshevik revolution; still, once the thin Europeanized layer had been destroyed, old Muscovy emerged anew in Communist form.

Today a single class, or privileged caste, owns all the property in the USSR—the *nomenklatura*. It is a group of three million people who enjoy material advantages distributed according to their position in the hierarchy. It is a unified group, linked by personal and mutual interest. It manages the economy like a vast centralized conglomerate. The state crudely fixes production goals, giving absolute priority to military strength, and takes care of the minimal needs of the population. Soviet imperialism follows the course of traditional Russian imperialism, with which it shares consistency, persistence, and even specific themes: the pressure of the country's poverty, the quest for pillage, the use of the nation's central geopolitical situation and historical habit to proceed at the same pace with both the building of the state and the building of the empire. The people find a compensation for their misery in it, too: "the slave on his knees dreams of world empire," as the Marquis de Custine, traveling in Russia, observed. The *nomenklatura* has developed a psychology especially composed of secrecy, brutality, cynicism, and an absolute ignorance of the real way democratic regimes work. It remains obsessed by the "revolutionary" ideal of a "post-capitalist" world, and to this utopian goal it brings coldly realistic policies. The totalitarian nature of the regime, moreover, gives it an enormous advantage over the democracies: the capacity to conceive and pursue a long-term

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"grand strategy" which takes into account the strengths and weaknesses of the USSR.

This strategy consists of leading what Pipes calls "a war of political attrition" against the West, undermining the authority of governments and the will of their citizens to resist, while maintaining the Soviet Union in an impregnable position and in a state of permanent mobilization. To attribute Soviet policies to national interest or to the "desire for security" is to adopt the falsely pragmatic view which led to Yalta and the disasters of détente, and to refuse to take this political and military "grand strategy" into account, a strategy which Soviet texts themselves speak about with great precision.

The political strategy consists of exploiting the conflicts of opinion and interest that are at the heart of the democratic system, in order to use them for the destruction of the democracies. It is always possible to find some group whose private interests coincide with Moscow's—businessmen, bureaucrats, or the radically chic. In Germany, national frustration is exploited; in France, anti-Americanism. For the American media, the Soviet Jewish emigration quota is manipulated. The general desire for peace is exploited by taking care to focus fear of things nuclear on the weapons themselves, not on the people who might use them, so as to create a false symmetry between the East and the West, both "equally threatened" and both "equally responsible."

THE MILITARY strategy aims at the same targets as the political one. And it takes into account, without the slightest scruple, the possible use of nuclear weapons. For Soviet generals, war is made to be won; and in order to win it is necessary to use these weapons as much as possible from the start of the conflict. The Soviet army has no use for ideas of nuclear "sufficiency" or nuclear "parity." It is by lending the Soviet military these ideas, by analogy to our own and because of the spirit of symmetry, that Western experts are regularly mistaken about the intent and also the level of Soviet militarization. Since the death of Stalin, the Kremlin has considered the Third World a region ripe for the extension of the Communist system, and as a strategic base for weakening and isolating the West.

Soviet "grand strategy" has the advantages of coherence, long-term planning, and a unified command. And yet it is threatened by a double economic and political crisis, which has reached a desperate stage without us dreaming to take advantage of it, or even perceiving what is going on.

THE SOVIET economy is in crisis because it has not achieved the specific goals that it set for itself: the building of a modern technological and industrial base; the maintenance of living standards at a politically acceptable minimum; the support of a competitive army. The permanent defects of the system—over-centralization, inability to provide material incentives for those who produce, the excessively heavy burden of military and imperial expenses—end up paralyzing the economy. The village, laid waste and abandoned, can no longer feed the town. Standards of living and hygiene are those of an underdeveloped country. The population is shrinking. Even Western subsidies are being used up. The regime survives thanks to the "underground economy," but it is unable to reform the official economy. To do this, it would be necessary to relax its strict control over the population, and this would contradict the totalitarian nature of the system.

The political crisis is due to the fact that the party can no longer effectively rein in the population. The thorough corruption of the party is matched by the thorough corruption of its subjects, though it is not certain whether the generalized "criminalization," exposing everyone to criminal prosecution, makes the society more or less easy to govern. What remains of intellectual life has entered a cocoon of dissent. The "organs" are less concerned about suppressing it than about preventing it from having contact with the masses. Therefore they encourage the division between the "Westerners," who dream of the establishment of a state based on rights, and the "nationalists," who hope for a restoration of the old Russia. The rise of nationalism in the important ethnic minorities (Balts, Ukranians, Georgians, and above all Muslim Turks) threatens the position of the Russians, who are coming more and more to resemble the German-speaking peoples of Austria-Hungary at the time of Franz-Joseph.

Beyond the Soviet Union's borders, moreover, the rule of the peoples' democracies by alien Communist Parties

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becomes more problematic every year. Communism is losing its foothold in the Third World. The Soviet myth is suffering from rapid erosion there. The "brother" Communist Parties are no longer pawns that Moscow can move about at will. China is blazing new paths that are worrisome for those who practice Soviet-style immobility.

What can Mr. Chernenko or his successors do? Return to Stalinism? Risk external adventures, even at the risk of war? This has not been ruled out, but it is very dangerous. Reform? There are three possible methods of reform: first, to establish a degree of legality, a measure of civil rights compatible with bureaucratic government; second, to leave more room for individual economic initiative; third, to go ahead with administrative decentralization. But the *nomenklatura* will not put these reforms, whose long-term consequences it cannot predict, into effect unless it cannot do otherwise, unless they are the price of its own survival. It will do everything it can to avoid this. And so, Pipes reasons, every Western action that facilitates the quiet tyranny of the *nomenklatura* in its present form only postpones reform, or makes it impossible; and thus has the consequence of perpetuating the threat which the present regime holds over us.

WHAT IS to be done? How can the West derail Soviet "grand strategy" when the democracies are not capable of formulating a "grand strategy" to compete? In the long history of Soviet-American relations, it is the Soviets who have always taken the initiative. American diplomacy has been didactic, seeking to reward the Soviet Union for "good behavior" and punish it for "bad." "Containment," the application of traditional "balance of power" policies to the USSR, and "détente," the attempt to make it enter into an entente—these two policies have failed.

And yet, despite the permanent handicap of its democratic Constitution, the United States can exploit Soviet weaknesses. In military affairs, it must get rid of the emotional attitude which prevents it from treating nuclear weapons realistically. Driven by vague fears of the end of the world, we have taken part in SALT-style talks. But these are less bargaining about precise facts (which we do not know, since we must rely on highly uncertain data from observation satellites) than propitiatory, quasi-religious rituals. A balance of military strength is desirable. Only armies will stop armies. But wars are not won by strength alone. It is also necessary to have a course of action. Currently our strategy is really impotence in the face of the indirect forms of war which the Soviets wage through the intermediary of their allies (Cuba, Vietnam), Third World guerrillas, and international terrorism.

In political affairs, the United States must take another look at the system of alliances and force the Europeans to accept their responsibilities. This means that they must take part in global defense. A withdrawal of American forces would have a galvanizing effect on the Europeans. If it did not, it would mean that Europe did not want American aid, and therefore did not deserve it.

In economic affairs America must stop subsidizing the system of Soviet power. There is no reason for us to support two military budgets, our own and that of the USSR. At the very least, Western nations should not help companies working, in the name of their private interests and under the guise of "détente," against the general interest.

The State Department, however, is not prepared to face the Soviet challenge. By its nature it seeks agreement, while its negotiating partner seeks victory. It would be desirable to set up a sort of limited general staff for the president, a counterpart to the foreign section of the Central Committee, in order to manage an American "Grand Counterstrategy."

THESE ARE, in greatly simplified form, the arguments of Richard Pipes. I have provided only the skeleton of a rich and dense book. There is not a claim in it that is not based on documentary evidence, and on a knowledge of history. By contrast with the Sovietology-fiction of Jerry Hough and his followers, it is a joy to find in this book solid thinking, professional competence, and an almost perfect grasp of reality.

Almost . . . in fact, Pipes's doctrine is vulnerable to criticism in its principles more than in its consequences. The practical conclusions appear indisputable, but the theoretical framework leaves one in doubt. Pipes's weak point seems to me to be the identification of the *nomenklatura* with a "new class." This sociological approach, as even Orwell felt, is not satisfactory. The *nomenklatura* is not a class because it has no organic relationship with society. This is why we cannot talk of "Soviet society": there are only the ruined remains of a society subjected to the tyranny of something which is not a class. Nor is it a caste, since the privileges of the *nomenklatura* are neither publicly recognized nor legally assured. They are precarious and semi-clandestine "advantages." The party remains what it was in 1917, a sort of sect or religious order, unified by its doctrine—even if nobody believes it any longer—and committed to the goals spelled out by its ideology. It is present in all of society but it is not part of it. It would be better to compare it to a decadent religious order, one which has lost its faith, but which remains subjected to its "rule," now without meaning, which is its *raison d'être*. Ideology has no place

COMMENT IN PASSING

Now she is in the air,
We breathe her.
So Madame de Sévigné said
Of the poisoner, La Brinvillière

Now she is in the air,
My father said,
As we withdrew
From the crematorium,
And a cloud
Rose from above its roof.

So we went on,
Up the green mountain-side,
Making our little jokes
On that now distant ride.

Bury the dear ashes
Beneath the honeysuckle
So nothing shall go to waste.
Nothing should go to waste,
So the clergyman said,
Thinking, no doubt, of love.

Daily grown more aware
Of what neither ash nor air
Can account for,
I remember our little joke.

Fool, if you would write,
Said Sidney,
Look in your heart.
She is there.

JANET LEWIS

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in Pipes's tableau. It is simply a disguise for the interests of the *nomenklatura*. But if the *nomenklatura* was a class, and if, as a class, it had interests, it would get rid of the ideology which, as Solzhenitsyn has shown, makes it an unbearable burden for the whole of the population. But this it cannot do.

THIS criticism may seem "theological." Still, it may have important consequences. First, the relationship with the Russian past comes into question. The *nomenklatura* cannot be considered the heir of the old elite of the Russian empire without rewriting the history of that empire. Communism uses the forms of power which that empire had developed, but for quite different ends. East German communism does the same with the legacy of Prussia, and China does the same with the legacy of the Chinese empire. A French communism come to power would do the same with the statist tradition of France. This does not prevent Mr. Honecker from being the heir of Bismarck, Mr. Deng the heir of Kang Hi, or Mr. Marchais the heir of Phillippe le Bel, Colbert, or the Napoleonic prefect.

Second, the relationship between the Communist movement and the Soviet state must be reversed. Communism is not the instrument of the Soviet state. The Soviet state is the instrument of communism. The international Communist movement does not take its orders by radio from Moscow, but it freely recognizes Moscow as the strategic center of the movement, by virtue of a confluence of ends. It is not Moscow, for example, which is responsible for the crisis of the Church in Central America, which has resulted in the formation of a Communist movement. But it is natural that this movement, since it is Communist, is turning toward Moscow.

Because they considered the USSR above all as a nation, de Gaulle and Kissinger appealed to the common interests of states in order to reach a "balance of power." They failed. Pipes, because he considers the *nomenklatura* as a class, appeals to its class interest. This is why he hopes to force it to reform. But it seems that communism is distinguished precisely by the rejection of the idea of common interests, and even particular interests. However corrupt the party is, its overall political decisions are not yet dictated by interest, in the usual sense of the term. You can buy anything you want in the USSR, except for a political decision; not even, for example, the tiny political decision necessary for the granting of an emigration visa. Indeed, the enormous accumulation of material advantages is aimed at keeping the party member from having to act out of his own interests, and thus having to enter into contact with society. In the long run, Pipes's "classist" approach could well be just as deceptive as the "statist" approach of de Gaulle and Kissinger.

So what is the Communist system? I do not claim to be able to answer that question here, but along with Orwell, Mandelstam, and even Zinoviev and Solzhenitsyn, I do not believe that it can be answered within the framework of positivist sociology, nor by recourse to Russian historical precedent. I entirely agree with Pipes's criticisms of Russian nationalism. I am convinced that Russia will not rid itself of communism as long as it does not rid itself of its nationalism as well, including its religious element, the most attractive and disastrous of all. All the same, it is in the "nationalist" area of thought, especially with Dostoevsky, that one feels, although in a crude and distorted manner, that the question of communism is first and foremost a philosophical or metaphysical one, and thus much more serious, and more important, than a sociological analysis might suggest.

So what is to be done? We must put into effect all of the well-reasoned suggestions that Pipes offers. But communism fears those who understand it much more than it fears those who merely oppose it. Thus we must not allow our intellectual efforts to slacken, and we must go much further in the examination of the anatomy, the physiology, and the philosophy of the thing. Pipes's remarkable synthesis shows us the way and marks an important stage in the project. But it is not the last.

ALAIN BESANÇON

Alain Besançon is the author of *The Rise of the Gulag: Intellectual Origins of Leninism* (Continuum). This review was translated from the French by David A. Bell.

POET AND PILGRIM

Station Island by Seamus Heaney

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 123 pp., $11.95)

This splendid book of poems by the author of *North* and *Field Work* is divided into three parts: an opening section of lyric poems including some as good as his best; a central sequence inspired by Dante; and a concluding section in which the mythological Irish king Sweeney appears to observe contemporary Ireland, its literary life in particular, with an irritable, untamed eye.

The texture of the language, chunky and clabbered, full of strong joined stresses and clipped precision, resembles that of Heaney's earlier books. It is a medium that has won readers over because it is both dense and clear. Here is the conclusion of "Iron Spike":

> And the sledge-head that sank it
> with a last opaque report
> deep into the creosoted
> sleeper, where is that?
> And the sweat-cured haft?
> Ask the ones on the buggy,
> inaudible and upright
> and sped along without shadows.

Significantly, these lines have to do with the partial, ghostly, nevertheless definite survival of the past into the present, and the double action of pulling the solid past out of the earth while also questioning its vaporous, "inaudible" ghost. This is a great central area of the book, and perhaps of Heaney's career: the past, and what lost in the past must be retrieved, or what surviving from it cannot be evaded or comprehended.

Another poem from *Station Island*'s first section, "Changes," begins with two people taking a walk. For one of them it is a walk into the past (almost in

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the spirit of Thomas Hardy, invoked in another of these poems):

> As you came with me in silence
> to the pump in the long grass
>
> I heard much that you could not hear;
> the bite of the spade that sank it,
>
> the slithering and grumble
> as the mason mixed his mortar,
>
> and women coming with white buckets
> like flashes on their ruffled wings.

When he opens the iron lid of the pump, he and the child discover a bird nesting there. Then he shuts it and gently opens it again, to disclose at first only a single egg, with the bird hidden "in the rusted bend of the spout" where "tail feathers splayed and sat tight." "Sat tight" in just two syllables clinches a rhyme, wittily tranforms a cliché, and finds an image for the present moment balanced between remote past and a distant future.

The ending of the poem raises interesting questions of comparison between Heaney and his American contemporaries. After the image of the bird, the poet addresses the child:

> So tender, I said, "Remember this.
> It will be good for you to retrace this path
>
> when you have grown away and stand at last
> at the very centre of the empty city."

Honoring this poem, I also wonder tentatively if an American poet could oppose the rustic past and the urban future quite so completely and tenderly, in so direct a line with Yeats's opposition of Innisfree and the "pavement gray."

That is, on the one hand Heaney's work resembles some of the recent American books that have made strong impressions on me, resembles them both in subject matter and in an approach to technique that seems "postmodernist." For Heaney, as for these American contemporaries, formal freedom feels assumed, with matters of technique no longer fighting issues in the old modernist sense. The personal past, in Frank Bidart's *The Sacrifice* or Louis Glück's *Descending Figure*, and the national past in C. K. Williams's *Tar* or Alfred Corn's *Notes From a Child of Paradise*, correspond to elements in Heaney's material.

But on the other hand, there was no Irish or English William Carlos Williams to challenge the idea of "the empty city" with this particular note:

> Chimneys, roofs, fences of
> wood and metal in an unfenced
>
> age and enclosing next to
> nothing at all: the old man
> in a sweater and soft black
> hat who sweeps the sidewalk—
>
> his own ten feet of it
> in a wind that fitfully
> turning his corner has
> overwhelmed the entire city

This kind of vital "next to nothing at all," in these cadences, has been grafted deeply into American poets' idea of their art. It seems to me that Heaney may have a different sense of urban life than his American colleagues, and with it a different sense of poetic form, so that the gentleness and grace of his cadences and language, in a poem like this one, tell us a somewhat different story from our own. And that is another reason to value and reread poems like "Changes."

WITH CHARACTERISTIC wit and penetration, Heaney has given the book, and its central sequence, a title of many senses. A station is a place where one must stand, or habitually stands, and because "station" is a military, social, and religious term—denoting steps in a pilgrimage as well as the stations of the cross—the idea of a station recalls the whole web of inherited communal ties and responsibilities. In seeming opposition, "island" suggests isolation; but the terms reverse in relation to Heaney's country, Ireland, which is an island, and an island whose artists have sometimes stationed themselves somewhat apart from those inherited ties.

It is also characteristic of Heaney's shrewd attention to the world around him that he took the term from experience, personal and communal. Station Island is an island on Lough Derg, in County Donegal, also called St. Patrick's Purgatory, where pilgrims still go for a three-day exercise that includes "stations" re-creating Patrick's vigil and fasting on the site. The poem is bold enough to be consciously Dantesque in elements like its encounters with figures from the poet's life, and tactful and wise enough that the project does not seem overweening or vainglorious.

One striking thing about the sequence is how immensely powerful the narrative is: so artful and so at home with the verse, that the best sections deserve comparison with Frost's narrative poems. Even more than the previous books, this one establishes that along with his wonderful gifts of eye and ear, Heaney has the gift of the storyteller. The power to tell a story compactly, in a way that suggests that it could be told with such force only in verse, appears with particular clarity in the poem's seventh section, where the poet encounters the victim of a political killing, an admired schoolmate and football teammate ("the one stylist on the team"):

> . . . And though I was reluctant
> I turned to meet his face and the shock
>
> is still in me at what I saw. His brow
> was blown open above the eye and blood
> *had dried on his neck and cheek. "Easy*
> now,"
>
> he said, "it's only me. You've seen men as
> raw
> after a football match . . . What time it was
> when I was wakened up I still don't know
>
> but I heard this knocking, knocking, and it
> scared me, like the phone in the small
> hours,
> so I had the sense not to put on the light
>
> but looked out from behind the curtain."

I find it hard to stop quoting; this section is a poem you might want to read aloud to friends, and the more of it you hear or read, the more impressive it is. But there is enough to admire in the quoted fragment: the way the full and partial rhymes shape the march of syntax without hobbling it, echoing the great model's *terza rima* just enough; the way the language is colloquial without windiness or strain; the rapid, natural transitions from the poet's voice to the interlocutor's, and from description to narrative; small telling contrasts between heightening ("knocking, knocking") and lowering ("I had the sense"), so that the elements of the divine and of human comedy become credible.

JUST the same, at some point Heaney decided not to write an epic, decided that this work was not going to be as large as that. The sections and their actions stand out in stronger relief than the actions of the whole, which is the poet's gathering of himself for new pastures. He chooses to pay homage to the past, rather than to re-create it as an epitome or global whole. This measured loyalty, a kind of quit-fee to the past, is the sequence's theme and its limiting boundary.

In the first section, he meets a kind of village bad-man who cuts wood on Sunday, "with a bow-saw, held/stiffly

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up like a lyre." "Stay clear of all processions," this figure advises. In subsequent poems, the interlocutors are various of the empowered dead: historical figures, like the 19th-century Protestant convert and author William Carleton, or James Joyce, who has the last word.

Before that last word, the poet pays debts and respects, some of them to fosterers and alter-selves: to a parish priest who died young on a mission to Africa, a teacher, a childhood sweetheart, a fanatic young political thug dead in prison, a murdered cousin the poet has written about, who questions whether that writing—an earlier, memorable poem in *Field Work*—was true enough:

> "The Protestant who shot me through the head
> I accuse directly, but indirectly, you
> who now atone perhaps upon this bed
> for the way you whitewashed ugliness and drew
> the lovely blinds of the *Purgatorio*
> and saccharined my death with morning dew."

This atonement is more like a discharged responsibility than a life's project: an island of devotion rather than an extended path of pilgrimage. ("Bed" here means one of the tone circles, perhaps once monastic cells, on Station Island, at which one prays.) The last of such payments, in the penultimate poem, is given to a fondly remembered priest who once said "Read poems as prayers . . . and for your penance/translate me something by Juan de la Cruz." The translation is elegantly grave and straightforward, and precedes the final encounter with Joyce.

As if echoing the profane woodcutter of the first section, the severe word-crafter, with his voice "eddying with the vowels of all rivers," counsels against all processions in his own way. He greets the poet on the tarmac of the parking lot, not on the island itself, and urges work-lust, independence, freedom from the dead fires of the past, and uncumbered adventure into "the dark of the whole sea." In the poem's last line, isolated and single after the processional of tercets, "the downpour loosed its screens round his straight walk."

Those concluding two words, with their implication of a strict course, exactingly defined (though into a shrouded and stormswept terrain), indicate in a way that the sequence is less a summing-up than a tentative pointing forward. The sequence is an inspiring, masterful work that successfully evokes its great predecessors partly by declining their epic terms. In any case, the book as a whole is a rich and commanding work, one more indication that Seamus Heaney is a leading figure in a generation of poets that may be making already, and partly unnoticed, a new, various and powerful poetry in English.

ROBERT PINSKY

THE PRICE OF RESCUE

The Transfer Agreement: The Untold Story of the Secret Agreement Between the Third Reich and Jewish Palestine by Edwin Black

(Macmillan, 430 pp., $19.95)

It is important to take note of the claims made in the full title of this book. The "Transfer Agreement" (*Ha'avarah* in Hebrew) was a pact made in 1933 between Zionist officials and Hitler's new government. It enabled a considerable number of German Jews to flee the Third Reich for Palestine, and to transfer there, and eventually recoup, a limited portion of their own financial assets. This is, by no means, an "untold story." It has been treated in various articles and relatively obscure books, as well as in the best-known and most authoritative general study of the Holocaust, *The War Against the Jews* by

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Lucy Dawidowicz. This "secret agreement," the terms of which author Edwin Black proposes to reveal, was also no secret. The transfer project was widely discussed and debated in the contemporary press, even before the actual agreement was reached.

If this were simply one more case of an amateur historian seeking to ballyhoo his own new rehearsal of an essentially old story, it would not seem particularly offensive. One might credit Mr. Black—and his team of assistants—for the thoroughness of their research effort, and for fleshing out, with considerable new detail, the history of the episode. This book, however, is not so innocuous. Mr. Black draws absurd and insidious conclusions: his thesis is that Zionist leaders revived and stabilized Adolf Hitler's ostensibly faltering regime. Moreover, *The Transfer Agreement* has been put to unsavory political uses, thanks in no small measure to this thesis, along with the author's claim that a mystery has, at last, been unravelled. Louis Farrakhan invoked Mr. Black last fall in the course of protesting against charges that he was unjustly prejudiced against Jews:

> The Jewish people made a deal with Hitler not to boycott German products before World War II in exchange for allowing 65,000 German Jews to emigrate and for permitting $100,000 million in Jewish assets to be transferred to the new State of Israel.
>
> Yes, the formation of Israel was cold naked scheming and plotting and planning against the lives of a people there in Palestine.
>
> The Zionists made a deal with Adolf Hitler, the same people that condemn me for saying Hitler was a great but wicked man.
>
> The arrangement is documented in a book called *The Transfer Agreement* by Edwin Black, one of their own.

What then is this dark "secret" of recent Jewish history? In 1933, and for the entire remainder of the decade, into the first year of the Second World War, the Nazi government actively endeavored to expel Jewish inhabitants from the territory of the Reich. Representatives of the Jewish Agency for Palestine—members, largely, of the dominant Labor faction in the Zionist movement—negotiated a complex financial agreement with the Germans which, first and foremost, enabled Jews to immigrate to Palestine. For although the Nazis, as they stepped up the persecution of Jews, were still anxious to expel them, there obviously had to be somewhere for several hundred thousand unwanted Jews to go. As is now well known, it was, in any case, difficult to find countries willing to admit Jews caught under Hitler's yoke. And German laws preventing would-be emigrants from exiting with their wealth made the Jews of the Reich even less desirable to those states which might, potentially, have afforded refuge.

AS THE would-be refugees themselves, and Jewish leaders the world over, searched for ways out of this seeming catch-22, Palestine appeared to offer a specific possibility. British Mandatory authorities had promulgated a quota system limiting Jewish immigration to the "Jewish National Home" well before the infamous 1939 White Paper shut the gates of Palestine to the doomed European Jewish masses. But Jews of independent financial means were permitted to enter the country beyond the quota limits. Thus Zionist officials approached the Nazis and proposed a deal, hoping that it might be possible for significant numbers of the middle-class German Jewish community to pass the British means test.

The German government saw a chance not only to rid the Reich of Jews, but also to benefit economically. An agreement was struck which boosted German exports (to Palestine), conserved foreign exchange, and enabled the Jewish emigrants to retrieve at least some of their assets. This last condition of the pact proved a limited boon to the economy of the Jewish *Yishuv* (community) in Palestine. This, then, was the "Transfer Agreement."

But the Germans had an interest that transcended even the immediate financial gains which accrued to the Reich thanks to the pact. A worldwide anti-Nazi trade boycott (of German goods)—an effort in which Jews, particularly American Jews, played a critical role—had been underway since shortly after Hitler took power. By negotiating the transfer, the Zionist leadership deliberately (consciously may be a better word) undermined the boycott *not* because these Jewish leaders wanted to help Hitler, but rather because they and others judged the notion that a boycott might topple the Nazis sheer fantasy. Notwithstanding its public relations virtues, the boycott seemed to the mainstream Zionist leadership far less crucial than ensuring emigration to Palestine, i.e., rescue. In a cruel world—a world Chaim Weizmann aptly described as "divided into places where (Jews) cannot live and places into which they cannot enter"—Jewish leaders were obliged to make painful choices.

Of the ten to 50 thousand Jews who emigrated from Germany thanks to the Transfer Agreement—whatever figure one accepts, the numbers involved are relatively small—one thing can be said with certainty: they survived. And this is more than can be said of the vast majority of Jews who fell into Hitler's clutches. One would therefore have to be convinced, in retrospect, that the trade boycott might have undone the Nazi revolution in order even to begin to believe the Transfer Agreement a tactical (or moral) wrong. And it is just this misguided notion—the belief that Hitler's government was about to fall—that animates Mr. Black's ill-conceived effort.

NO DOUBT there was room to differ at the time. The Revisionist Zionists, led by Ze'ev Jabotinsky, favored the boycott and opposed any deal with the Germans. Indeed in an episode related to the transfer story, Chaim Arlosoroff, the principal Zionist figure in the *Ha'avara* negotiations, was assassinated on a Tel Aviv beach later in 1933. The Revisionist press had decried Arlosoroff and his efforts in harsh terms, and the British police charged members of an extremist Revisionist sect with the crime. Whether they were, in fact, responsible—the accused were ultimately freed—is debated in Israel to this day. Still, even that bitter dispute was conducted largely on the moral plane: was it right to do business with Germany? And it is always well to remember that—understandably—no one foresaw the

UNSATISFACTORY PEOPLE

Ronald Reagan, for screwing up in Minnesota and the District of Columbia.
Arthur Schlesinger Jr., for describing Averell Harriman as "our wisest living statesman."
Howard Metzenbaum, for the big squeeze, followed by the big lie, followed by the big gesture.
Lee Iacocca, for selling 550,000 copies of his memoir and wondering if that's good.
The (hee hee hee)
House (hah hah hah)
Ethics (haw haw haw)
Committee.

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nature of the eventual calamity. In the end Mr. Black's case for the precariousness of the Nazi government in 1933 is altogether inadequate.

If the first premise of this book is that by negotiating the transfer, the Zionists kept Hitler in power, the second is that the Transfer Agreement created the state of Israel—by providing the capital which made the eventual Jewish state economically viable. Had Mr. Black qualified his contention—and claimed simply that the deal with the Nazis augmented the Zionist infrastructure in Mandatory Palestine—he would have made an interesting, though hardly earthshaking, historical point. But in seeking to provide the answer to all, the author in the end has produced yet another not remotely credible claim.

THE numbers involved are a matter of dispute. Black would have it that 60,000 Jews reached Palestine from Germany during the period in question, all in his view thanks to the *Ha'avara* apparatus. On the other hand David Yisraeli, another historian, counts fewer than 40,000 such emigrants, and argues that only a third of these benefited from the agreement. Black maintains that the transfer created $100,000 million in new Jewish capital. Werner Feilchenfeld, who has also written on the "secret" agreement, judges the figure to be less than half that. Either way, the numbers involved in the transfer episode were not large enough to have affected the ultimate fate of the struggle for a Jewish state.

As for the book's admirers, Louis Farrakhan is by no means alone; he is joined by Lyndon LaRouche and his newspaper *New Solidarity*, among others. Consider the text of this advertisement for a Chicago television news program concerning the book:

> Did the Third Reich help build the state of Israel? In 1933 Hitler's fledgling Third Reich was near collapse. A global boycott of Nazi goods led by American and European Jews was posed to deliver the death blow. But, in a startling secret pact between the Third Reich and the Zionist organization, the boycott was called off . . . averting the fall of Nazi Germany and assuring the establishment of the future state of Israel. Rich Samuels reveals the incredible details behind "The Transfer Agreement" tonight at 10, Channel 5 News.

Such responses to the *Transfer Agreement* are by no means illogical. Mr. Black cannot evade responsibility for the uses to which his book is now being put by simply asserting, in his text, that suggestions of Zionist complicity in the Holocaust are "absurd." His tendentious reading of history—holding that the Zionists undermined a boycott that would have toppled Hitler—leads directly to the very conclusion he decries as "absurd."

A word should be said about the larger context in which *The Transfer Agreement* is best considered. The effort to discredit the Zionist movement by suggesting that the Zionists and the Nazis enjoyed a symbiotic relationship is not new. Moving from the truth that anti-Semitism was a principal impetus to Zionism, some (the Soviets have figured prominently among them) have tried to show that an early common interest, Jewish departure from Europe, led to genuine collaboration. *Zionism in the Age of the Dictators* by Lenni Brenner, a recent example of the left-wing effort to defame the Jewish national movement, and *The Iron Wall*, a new study of Revisionist Zionism by the same author, seek to document the purported collaboration. Brenner's work has been applauded, and made available by the Institute for Historical Review, a pseudo-scientific flat-earth society which endeavors to prove that "the Holocaust was a hoax."

Brenner and others like him seek to have it every which way. The mainstream Zionists collaborated with Hitler by undermining the boycott—unlike Jabotinsky. But Jabotinsky and his Revisionist followers were the *real* collaborators, because, it is alleged, they admired the fascists (not at all true, by the way: Jabotinsky himself was a classic 19th-century liberal), and early on sought Mussolini's support. Later came collaboration in the Holocaust itself, we are told again and again—by Brenner; by the East German journalist Klaus Polken; in shameful anti-Semitic tracts put out by the Soviets and by the Arabs; and, most recently, in *Israel and Palestine* by Gwyn Rowley (published in Britain). A favorite new case in point, popular since the ascendancy in Israel of Begin, Yitzhak Shamir, and the Likud—the heirs of Jabotinsky—is a 1941 attempt by members of the Stern group, a dissident terrorist faction headed by Shamir, to make contact with the Germans in order to propose a deal: the mass ship-

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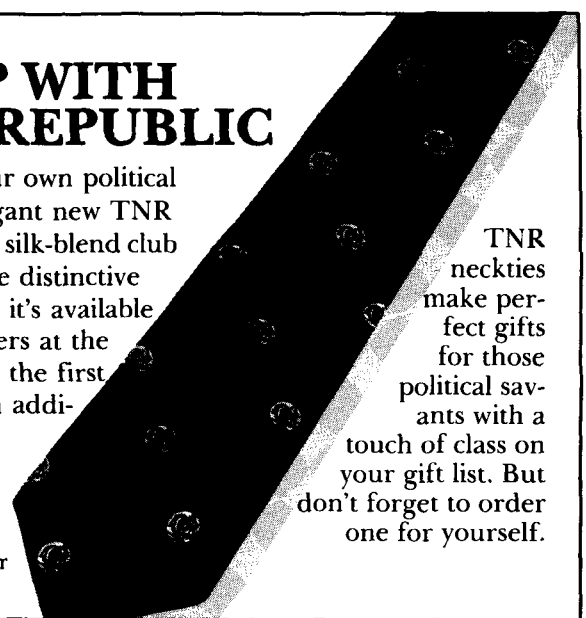

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ment by the Nazis of European Jews to Palestine in return for Sternist aid in ridding Palestine of the British. This hopeless, desperate effort speaks for itself; it was born of sheer despair and carried out by one lone disciple of the hunted Stern before the Holocaust was underway. The purpose of the mission: to rescue the doomed.

In view of what actually happened, is not absolutely every attempt to save European Jews, however misguided, at least understandable? It is with regard to this simple point that Black and others appear altogether obtuse, willfully or otherwise. The Transfer Agreement was a form of ransom, and nothing else. Rather than accuse the victims, or those who acted on their behalf, we might well be thankful that it was then still possible to negotiate their rescue.

ERIC M. BREINDEL

Eric M. Breindel is adjunct professor of international studies at the Georgetown School of Foreign Service.

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 2*

and the only person quoted in the piece was his father.

All right, THE NEW REPUBLIC doesn't have bureaus all over the country. Newsmagazines do—that's why they're read by people who don't imagine that they can find out all they need to know within a ten-minute walk of Dupont Circle.

If Heard isn't convinced that there are more than 113 Yuppies in the country, I'd be happy to contribute toward letting him spend the next two weeks in Anchorage.

JERRY ADLER
Newsweek
New York, New York

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THE NEW REPUBLIC'S BEST BOOKS

Following is a list of books TNR *has recently reviewed and recommends.*

The Intellectual Follies: A Memoir of the Literary Venture in New York and Paris by Lionel Abel (Norton). The life and times of the literary-political-Jewish intellectuals from 1930 onward. (Reviewed 2/11/85)

For the Common Defense: A Military History of the United States of America by Allan R. Millett and Peter Maslowski (The Free Press). A superb single-volume survey of American military policy. (2/11/85)

Willowbrook Wars: A Decade of Struggle for Social Change by David J. Rothman and Sheila M. Rothman (Harper & Row). A chronicle of the political and legal skirmishes surrounding one case at the heart of the de-institutionalization controversy. (2/4/85)

White Noise by Don DeLillo (Viking). A novel of fear and trembling and technology in Middle America. (2/4/85)

Equal Distance by Brad Leithauser (Knopf). An accomplished first novel about young Americans in Japan. (1/21/85)

German Big Business and the Rise of Hitler by Henry Ashby Turner Jr. (Oxford University Press). A surprising study of how little the Nazis owed to the capitalists. (1/21/85)

The Second Industrial Divide: Possibilities for Prosperity by Michael J. Piore and Charles Sabel (Basic). An original and illuminating account of a turning point in our industrial economy. (1/7&14/85)

The Burn by Vassily Aksyonov (Random House). An epic portrait of the surreal and, alas, so real, landscape of Soviet life. (12/31/84)

Zhou Enlai: A Biography by Dick Wilson (Viking). The mixed career of Mao's closest comrade. (12/3/84)

Churchill and Roosevelt: The Complete Correspondence by Warren F. Kimball (Princeton University Press). World War II, as witnessed and waged by two great leaders and good friends. (12/24/84)

TRB, *from page 6*

The Treasury Department tax reform proposal would forbid the deduction of all "business" entertainment except for meals, which would only be deductible in "a clear business setting"—not a tent—and would be limited to $10 for breakfast, $15 for lunch, and $25 for dinner. This standard is hardly puritanical. Only one restaurant meal out of 40 costs more than $17, but naturally that's the one that gets deducted. The Treasury's reasonable view is that a meal costing more than $25 is a personal indulgence, not a business necessity, and ought to be paid for after taxes, just like a meal costing $3. There would be a similar limit on deducting luxury travel.

The money involved here is minor, compared to other items on the tax reform agenda, but the principle is important. Deductible luxury living is the most visible abuse of the present tax code, and also the most visibly unfair. The crackdown on deductible luxury is one example of the Treasury plan's superiority to the rival Kemp-Kasten (Republican) and Bradley-Gephardt (Democratic) proposals in Congress. These other plans concentrate on exchanging the major tax breaks for reductions in marginal rates. The Treasury plan does that, but it also cleans out the Augean stable.

Because it goes after dozens of tax abuses, the Treasury plan is especially vulnerable to chipping away by lobbyists. We got a foretaste of the battle ahead last month, when pressure from Congress forced the Internal Revenue Service to weaken new rules cracking down on the deduction of automobiles. Senate majority leader Bob Dole told an applauding group of businessmen he would hold up James Baker's confirmation as Treasury Secretary until the rules were changed.

Dole's the one who's been going around saying we can't attend to tax reform until we've done something about the deficit. This is exactly wrong. The truth is that we can't generate the new revenues we need until we have a tax system that people respect. Although everyone would like a tax cut, a recent poll about the Treasury reform proposal shows that four out of five Americans wouldn't object to what they now pay in taxes if they thought that others were paying their fair share. They are under the impression that others aren't, and they are right.

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

La Situación

THERE ARE about 80,000 Salvadorans in the Washington area, a good many of whom live in my neighborhood, Adams-Morgan. This makes for some arresting cross-cultural street scenes—women carrying pizza boxes on their heads, *campesina*-style; graffiti hailing the FMLN; kids from San Miguel or La Unión break-dancing. It also brings the troubles in Central America to my front door. When I ask Salvadorans why they left their country, the answer is usually a shrug of the shoulders and a sigh about *"la situación"*—followed by a story of a threat from a death squad, a guerrilla attack, or a relative who was killed. Descriptions of the journey to America are almost as harrowing—midnight dashes across the border, days of wandering in the Texas desert. And though life is obviously better here, it is not easy. For those here illegally, the best work available is often in menial, low-paying, construction or janitorial labor. And there is constant fear of arrest; I knew one Salvadoran woman who wouldn't even leave her house except to go to the restaurant where she worked. No wonder so many Salvadorans I know say they'd gladly go back home, but only *cuando se mejora la situación*: when the situation gets better.

THE ADMINISTRATION says the Salvadorans come here for economic opportunity, and should be deported just like any other illegal foreign job-seekers. Critics, like those in the religious "sanctuary movement," which the government has been cracking down on lately, say the Salvadorans deserve shelter from political repression. The toughest question about our present immigration policy is whether there is any real moral distinction between political motives and economic ones. Prosperity is just as much a part of America's promise to immigrants as liberty. But the Salvadorans are basically just trying to escape war, and all the sufferings, both "political" and "economic," that war brings. There is every reason to think that many of them will go home when the war ends. The alternative to the administration's policy is to grant the Salvadorans temporary "extended voluntary departure" status, as has been done recently for refugees from other dangerous places, like Lebanon, Poland, Uganda, and Afghanistan. The administration says that such a blanket offer of safe haven would result in a devastating flood of immigrants, because El Salvador is so much closer. Well, if this is to be our policy, let's be candid about what it means. In a case where there is a greater risk that our generosity will be imposed upon, we're saying, "keep out."

STILL WONDERING what makes today's youth tick? Ponder this front-page headline from the January 14 *USA Today*: "College Frosh Move to Right—and to Left." This wasn't just another case of *USA Today*'s relentless even-handedness. It was the actual result of a UCLA-American Council of Education survey of over 180,000 college freshmen. Turns out that kids don't want to legalize marijuana or abolish the death penalty, yet they want less defense spending and think it's O.K. if married women don't stay at home with the kids. A majority picked the nebulous political self-description, "middle-of-the-road." How to interpret these curious findings? To me, they're further evidence that reports of a big rightward shift among the younger set are exaggerated. Young people are more worried about jobs and money these days, and therefore adopt conventional behavior and aspirations. But that's hardly the same as having strong ideological leanings, or even caring much about "big" questions like politics at all. In 1968, over 90 percent of freshman surveyed said "developing a philosophy of life" was an important goal. Now it's 40 percent. In this generation, there are more Babbitts than Buckleys.

I AGREE with the freshmen who want lower defense spending. Cap Weinberger, it seems, will say anything in his zeal to protect every last penny in the Pentagon budget. He now has resorted to the hoariest and most fatuous argument of all. "You don't make a major impact on the deficit by cutting defense spending," he declared on "Good Morning America" January 28, "because when you do, you lose all the taxes generated by the people who are employed in defense industries and you incur some employment costs because a lot don't have jobs." Weinberger, the former budget director, either has lost his mind or has lost all shame. This logic could be used to justify any government expenditure, and often is. (In fact, defense spending generates fewer jobs per dollar than most other items in the federal budget.) Can we expect to hear Weinberger on the "CBS Morning News" railing against his administration's proposed cuts for mass transit and the Economic Development Administration?

FOR "MEGATRENDS" author John Naisbitt, the future is always now. His next book, *Re-Inventing the World We Live In*, won't be published for another seven months, but he's already out on the hustings talking it up. According to the December issue of *Manhattan, Inc.*, Naisbitt is conducting a series of seminars at which businessmen hear him dispense his latest predictions. My favorite: "Management will give more and more credence to intuition and hunch." How does Naisbitt know? Oh, just a hunch. An aide at his Washington office explains that the idea comes from Naisbitt's own experience with Naisbitt Group clients, i.e., the people who lay out $98 a year for one of his trend newsletters, or $10,000 for a year's worth of "executive briefings" on trends. Their management style is increasingly hunch-oriented, as opposed to data-based, the aide says. Does this mean that the executives who came to Naisbitt's one-day seminar were there on a hunch, rather than after a hard-headed consideration of the data? If so, this hunch cost their stockholders $325, not to mention transportation, hotels, and the value of these executives' time. But, of course, it's all tax-deductible.

IN A REVIEW last week of *Poisoned Ivy*, Benjamin Hart's Dartmouth memoir, I chided Hart for failing to mention that a Dartmouth administrator who assaulted him got a criminal fine and probation. Hart did mention the penalties. Sorry.

C.L.

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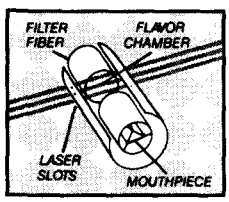

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